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FEBRUARY 28, 1966 35 CENTS

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Linen, President, D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer, Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $7.50 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all other $10 a year.

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Next week

BASKETBALL'S BARON. Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, has again surprised his coaching colleagues by spurring a lightly held group of players into No. 1 national ranking.

GAUDY SPEED. bumper-to-bumper racing and a Ford-Plymouth feud will have the folks (all 90,000) revved up at the Daytona 500, No. 1 stock car event. Tom Brody reports.

A RIVAL FOR CLAY is handball's Jimmy Jacobs, the world's leading fight-film producer, who is also so good an athlete that many observers consider him to be really the greatest.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A week or so ago, when we had a warmish day between blustery snowstorms here in the East, I caught a glimpse of the first sure sign of spring. A couple of 12-year-old kids had baseball gloves on and were playing catch—in February. Of course, it was colder than they had assumed and they didn't keep it up very long, but there it was: baseball was back.

Despite such eager kids, the season really begins for me each year when we print our first baseball cover—as we do this week. Opening Day is still six weeks off, but our cover says that right now the ballplayers are in the sun country and the training camps are moving into high gear. And the feeling is good.

Unlike pro football, which explodes onto the stage each year with preseason all-star games, baseball sort of sidles into your consciousness. No games at all, let alone all-star games, are played between the clubs until near the middle of March, and then they are only meaningless exhibitions.

That is baseball's way. It builds up slowly and deliberately to its peaks of excitement, and perhaps it is that slowness, that time to anticipate action—to wonder *what* is going to happen—that makes baseball's high points so universally appealing (the World Series is still the most popular sports event in America, if attendance, news coverage and radio and television audiences mean anything).

This year, now, the baseball fan waits gleefully for the *return* to action of the two gentlemen on our cover. Neither Leo Durocher nor Eddie Stanky has managed a major league team since 1955, yet so electric is each in personality and approach to the game that Chicago, in particular, and baseball, in general, are revitalized by their presence. Bill Veeck says, "Both clubs will profit from this. I figure that Durocher alone is worth 200,000 admissions."

In the White Sox, Stanky takes over a much better club than Durocher has in the Cubs, but the challenge to him is fully as great. The White Sox are always a threat to win, but they tend to collapse under pressure. It will be Stanky's job to be ambitious and demanding, to drive his team hard toward victory in spring training and all season long. This may cause friction and controversy; it may also bring Chicago the pennant.

Durocher, of course, walks in controversy. His former boss, Buzzie Bavasi of the Dodgers, surmised a few months ago that, in the 10 years since Leo had managed, the game had passed him by. Bill Leggett, who wrote this week's cover story (*page 26*), asked Leo about Bavasi's comment. "No way!" Leo snapped. "*No way!* They still play it with a bat and ball, don't they? Three strikes and you're out? Did somebody come in and make it more than 90 feet between the bases?"

Then how will Durocher act when he and his Cubs first venture into Chavez Ravine to play the Dodgers this season?

"I'm going to do something," he promised. "They'll be laying for me, and a lot of people will come out to boo me. I've been thinking about what to do to kind of stir things up."

Then he gave Leggett that curious Durocher grin—half tough guy, half charmer—and added, "We gotta have some fun in baseball. What the heck. I know I'm a controversial guy. I didn't have to go to school to learn how to eat my lunch. We'll have some fun."

I'm looking forward to it.

Gary Valk

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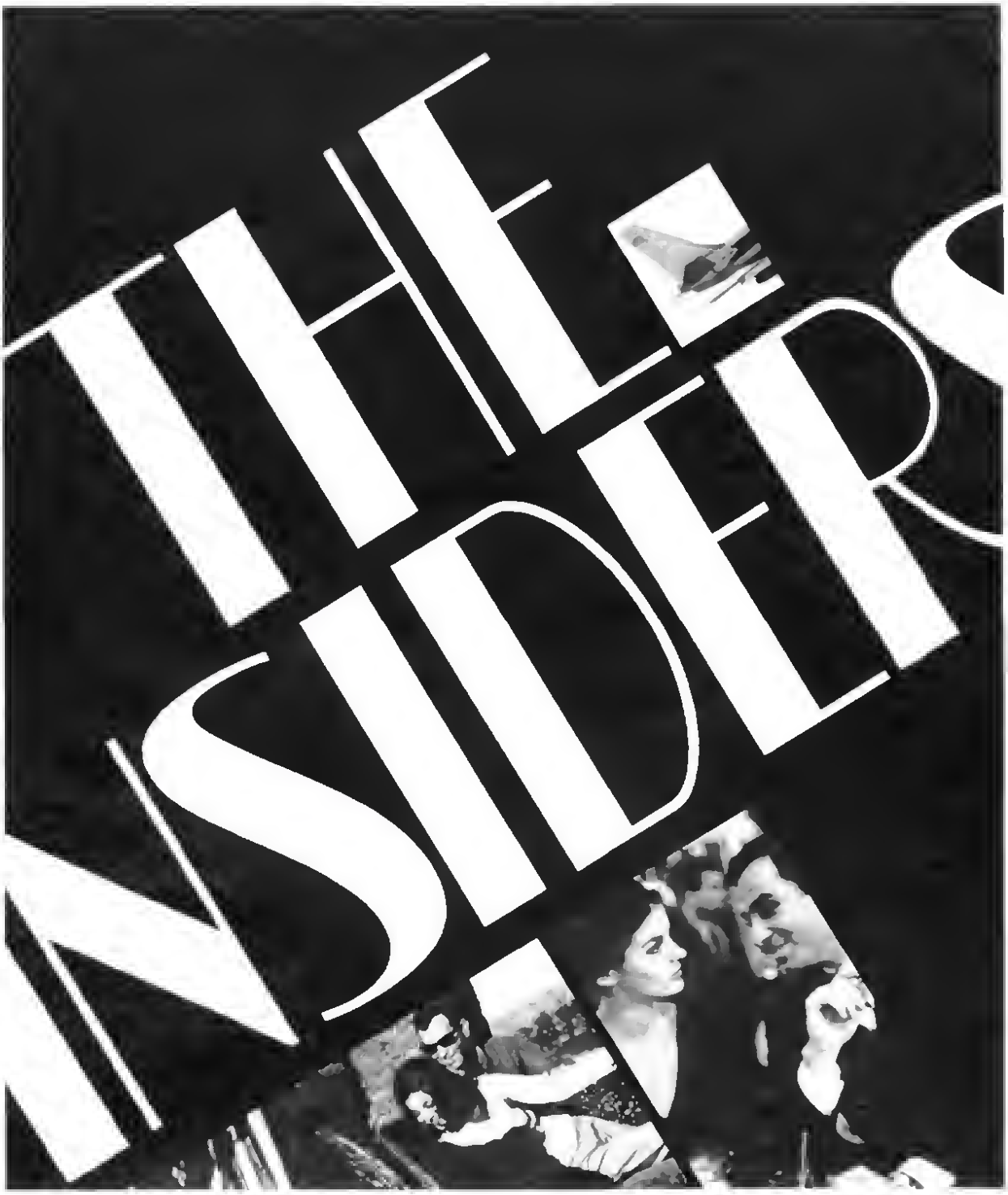

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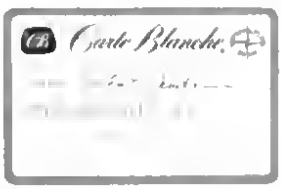

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SCORECARD

OUT WITH THE NEW

No doubt the new stadiums we see sprouting on sports pages everywhere are right up to the minute, but they leave us a little melancholy. The architects have removed the posts, which were among the lesser faults of the old parks, but they also seem to have buried the old rowdy intimacy of those parks beneath the bland symmetries and lollipop hues of the new. We'll take Yankee Stadium, posts and all, over Shea in New York, and after viewing pictures of St. Louis' vast new saucer we have a feeling that the players will look like pygmies from our seat, wherever it is. Stan Musial never looked small in Sportsman's Park when he rifled a shot into the right-field screen, nor did Carl Furillo in Ebbets Field when he played one off the wall.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

When Ernie Terrell applied to the New York State boxing commission for a license last month he testified, in sum, that Bernie Glickman, who had been conspicuously and unexpectedly in his corner for the George Chuvalo fight, was no longer associated with him. Glickman is an old acquaintance of Frankie Carbo, Blinky Palermo and Tony Accardo, mobsters all, and the boxing commission was not inclined to think that old acquaintance was apt to be forgot. Even after Terrell swore that his relationship with Glickman had been at most evanescent, the commission denied him a license and thereby blew all chances of having the Clay-Terrell title fight in New York. The commission was roundly criticized by some, particularly because it offered no proof of a continuing relationship between Glickman and Terrell.

Well, if boxing commissions needed the kind of evidence that is necessary in a court of law the mob would still dominate prizefighting. Perhaps nettled by the criticism, the commission last week took the unusual step of releasing a transcript of the Terrell hearing. It disclosed that Terrell's traveling companion on a recent flight from Chicago to New York had been none other than Bernie Glickman. Not hard, fast proof of a continued relationship, to be sure, not the way the courts would want it, but it was good enough for the commission, which also may have taken into consideration the fact that Terrell blandly testified to an astonishing ignorance about Glickman's connections with the mob. Anyone in boxing who did not know about that, and its significance, would be classified 1-Y by his draft board.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Commissioner Pete Rozelle adjourned the NFL meeting at Palm Beach in a euphoric mood. Business looked red-hot, and the new Atlanta team had been stocked with some reasonably able bodies. Rozelle discounted 1) the threat of Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa to unionize pro players, 2) the alleged perils of high bonus payments to rookies and 3) the idea of a common draft or any other accommodation with the rival AFL.

From out of the West came a loud dissent from an AFL (and former NFL) head coach and general manager. "They may be laughing at Hoffa now," said San Diego's Sid Gillman, "but the Teamsters Union will get in within three years unless the club owners get together and put a stop to this crazy spending on bonus players."

THE PRESIDENT'S LIBRARY

In the old days, if you were spending the night at the White House and could not sleep, it did you no good to grope around the library for something to read. There were no books in the library. Then the American Booksellers Association began donating (every four years) 200 to 250 worthy works published during each successive presidential administration. The current gift was announced last week, and for the first time it includes a good many sports books.

Mrs. Millard Fillmore, a brilliant ex-schoolteacher, could not find a single book when she entered the White House in 1850, not even a Bible. As a result of her spirited work (she also installed the first bathtub), Congress shamefacedly appropriated $250 to buy books, and the ABA has carried on.

In the past books on sports have been slighted. The current list, however, brings sport up near the top of the 12 categories into which the books are classified. The 14 sports books include such works as Alexander Laing's handsome *American Sail*, Jeff Griffen's *The Hunting Dogs of America*, Branch Rickey's *The American Diamond*, William Robertson's *The History of Thoroughbred Racing in America* and a book by our Senior Editor Robert Boyle, *Sport: Mirror of American Life*. It is an impressive selection of sporting literature, the works standing up pretty well among 250 titles, though the general list includes the works of such authors as Robert Frost, William Faulkner and Charles Schulz.

. . . IS SAUCE FOR THE HOSS

If you think you see this goose riding around on horses at the Sunland Park track near El Paso, your vision is 20-20. His name is Elmer, and he works for Trainer Bus Hoover. Elmer is a good judge of horses. He took a liking to McAbbey, a promising but nervous sprinter, and placed him right under his wing. McAbbey was a frantic stall-walker, says Hoover, "but Elmer stopped him dead in his tracks by jumping into his path, flapping his wings and hissing at him." The goose then strutted up and down in front of McAbbey, honking instructions. When Hoover took McAb-

continued

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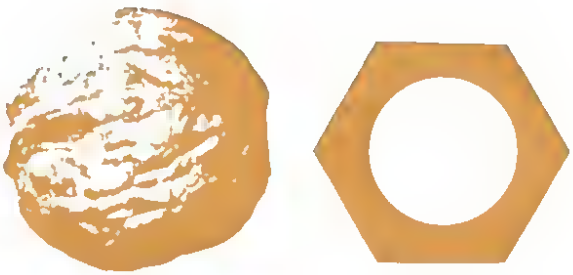

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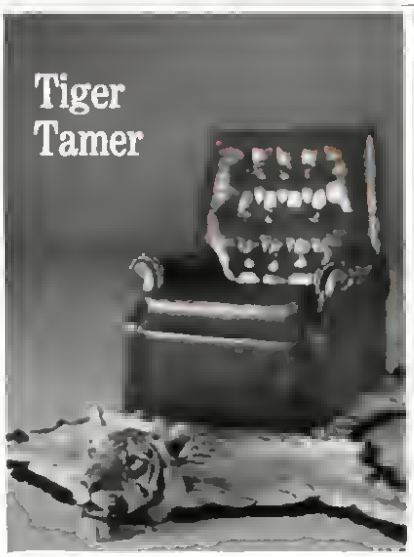

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SCORECARD

bey out for exercise around the tow ring, Elmer flew up and rode him like a jockey. Next time out, McAbbey won by five and a half lengths. "Most valuable hand in the stable," says Hoover.

AT ODDS

The race book of Harrah's Club at Lake Tahoe, Nev. has just issued its winter line on the 1966 pennant races. In the National League it is Dodgers 8 to 5, Giants 5 to 2, Reds 3 to 1, Braves 4 to 1, Phils 6 to 1, Cards 12 to 1, Cubs 15 to 1, Pirates 20 to 1, and Astros and Mets 100 to 1. Harrah's odds for the American League are at odds with those given recently by Jimmie (the Greek) Snyder down in rival Las Vegas (SI, Feb. 7). Jimmie tabbed the Orioles as 3-to-1 favorites, but Harrah's handicappers like the Twins at 5 to 2. The Orioles are a mere third choice at 5 to 1 behind the White Sox at 3 to 1. The Yanks and Tigers are 6 to 1, Indians 8 to 1, Angels 20 to 1, Red Sox, Athletics and Senators 40 to 1. Unlike the Greek, who is not in the bookmaking business, Harrah's is ready to handle the action.

THE FRANCHISE RACE

As for another sporting proposition—the race for the 16th franchise in the National Football League—our resident expert, Tex Maule, sees the odds this way: Houston the 2-to-1 favorite, Cincinnati and New Orleans strong contenders at 3 to 1, Boston 6 to 1, Seattle 8 to 1, Phoenix 15 to 1 and Portland, Ore. 20 to 1. Maule feels that the lure of the domed stadium in populous and booming Houston will tip the scale, despite Commissioner Rozelle's assertion last week that rumors of Houston having a cinch were "absolutely false." The NFL's decision will be made in June.

RATS

Want to know who is in the real Rat Pack? Well, not Frankie, Petuh, Sammy or Dino, that's for sure. The real members of the Rat Pack are a lot of fancy young nobs in Britain, such as Cephas Goldsworthy, Christopher Cousins and Michael Pearson, 21-year-old heir of the Viscount Cowdray. Messrs. Pearson, Cousins and Goldsworthy and 14 other gents comprise the membership of the Ancient Society of Rattle Catchers, known to the Bright Young People in Chelsea as the Rat Pack. The society throws boisterous dinner parties, and

member—wore [illegible] uniforms—olive-green frock coats with lace ruffs. They take to the field about once a month in answer to calls from friends who have infested estates at hand. Members hunt their quarry on foot, armed with swordsticks and canes. "No poison is used," says Mr Pearson. "That would be unsporting. There is a real element of danger from a cornered rat." Mr Goldsworthy knows that firsthand, he was bitten on the nose by a rat during a recent chase through a Northamptonshire barn. Like all similar societies, the Rattle Catchers are planning to hold a hunt ball.

ACTION PLEASE

The problem of long-lining oceanic game fish (SI, Jan. 31) is still unresolved in Washington. Japanese long-liners continue to haul in such fish as white, blue and striped marlin. The Interior Department recently studied the Japanese catch in the Atlantic, and it totaled far more than originally thought. The guess was that the catch would be far below that of the Pacific, but in fact it was as high.

Something must be done soon, or big game fishing may be doomed. Interior is waiting for Congress to act, and Congress, in turn, is apparently waiting for a public outcry. Concerned readers would do well to write their Congressmen asking them to get with it.

BEAU SABREUR

In an age surfeited with drab personalities, it was sad to note last week the death of Steve Ellis. Only 50, Ellis led up and down and up again careers as a sports broadcaster and fight manager, and no matter what his faults, drab he was not. Afflicted with a game leg, he had a nimble mind. He once even gulled the cunning Al Weill into believing he was Ellis' silent partner in the management of Middleweight Chico Vejar. When Ellis broadcast the New York Giant baseball games on radio, he used the mike at such length to laud Vejar that Horace Stoneham thought the fighter was a hot hitter in the farm system. After leaving the Giants, Ellis put his full energies behind Vejar's advancement in the ring. One night in Stamford, Conn. Vejar was flattened by an opponent early in the first round. In the midst of the excitement Ellis hopped, skipped and jumped around the ring to bang the bell, ending the round at a minute and a half. Thus saved, Vejar was revived and went on to win a decision. Whatever Ellis did he did with

continued

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relish, and Tallulah Bankhead, no drab person herself, was once moved to say, "Mr. Ellis is a beau sabreur, a man who knows a forceout from a fielder's choice. Please let the parish know that his recital of a Giant triumph is a prose epic, a victory hymn. He always has his heart and his liver and lights in everything he says over the air."

OOPS

Following the mile run at last week's New York Athletic Club indoor games, ABC found a taped prerace interview with Oregon's Jim Grelle too long to be usable on its *Wide World of Sports* program scheduled for the next day. ABC still wanted a prerace interview, however, and got it—after the event. Kansas Freshman Jim Ryun was the winner by a yard over Grelle in 4:02.2, coming from far behind in the last lap to overtake Notre Dame's Ed Dean and hold off the Oregonian. An hour later, Ryun and Grelle—who have now split even in 10 meetings—were put before ABC's cameras to tell how they thought the race would go. Here is sample dialogue:

Interviewer: Do you fellows think you can get under four minutes tonight?

Grelle: Perhaps. If someone will go out and set a fast pace.

Interviewer: You two have met often before. How do you stand now?

Ryun (forgetting his role): We're about 50-50 now.

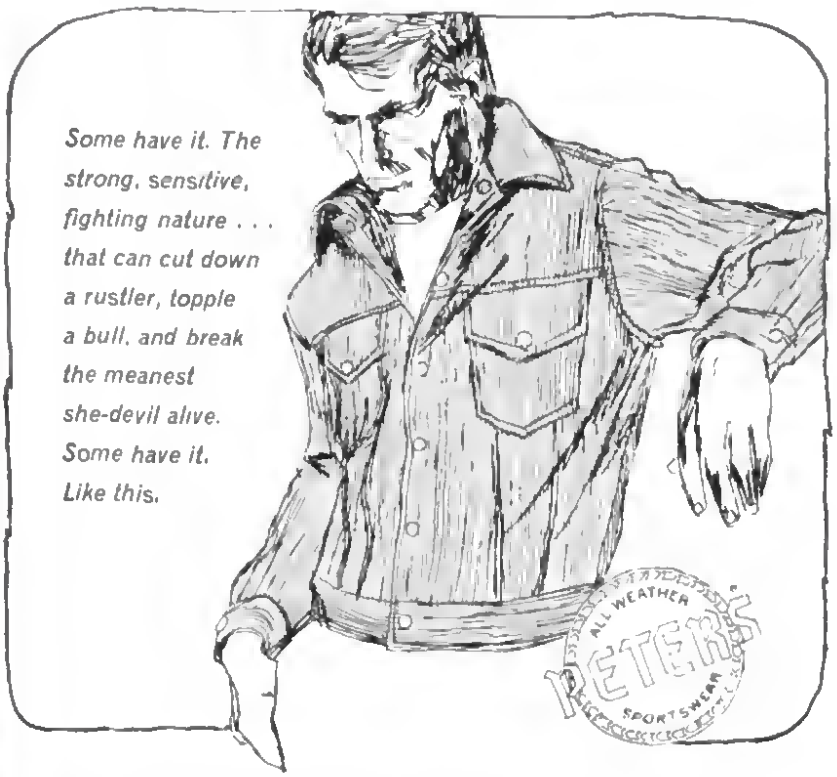
"When he asked us how we thought the race would go," the disgusted Ryun said later, "I felt like saying that Dean would jump out to a big lead right at the start, and that Grelle and I would catch him with a lap to go. But I guess I didn't have the guts."

ABC was not lacking in guts, however, and ran the phony interview into its show the next day without blinking a picture tube.

THEY SAID IT

• Gordie Howe, Red Wings hockey star, asked if he considered the Rangers' Reg Fleming a "hard-nosed player": "I don't know; I never felt his nose."

• Bob Lilly, Dallas Cowboys tackle, declaring he would not start all over again as a pro for $50,000: "My first year I broke five ribs, a wrist and a thumb, hurt my knee and sprained two ankles. You don't get hurt when you know what you're doing." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 26, 1968

MISERY ON THE ROAD

Travel is broadening but in basketball it is flattening as well. A few "home advantage" disabilities have been cured—but some surprising new ones keep visiting teams rolling down the road to ruin **by FRANK DEFORD**

Explaining the home-court advantage in basketball is, of course, simple enough. The litany of reasons has been chanted for years until every visiting coach—and they all visit sooner or later—can relate them at the drop of a game: 1) visiting teams are subjected to the abuse of Cro-Magnon fans in tiny, cramped, dim gyms; 2) the officials are all "homers"; and 3) the home team uses all the little tricks, like cutting off the heat in the guest locker room, to make the visitors miserable. How can any coach be expected to win on the road with conditions like this prevailing? How indeed?

Well, the truth is—taking those difficulties in order—that huge, clean field houses are springing up like Levittowns to replace the bandbox gyms; today's officials travel well out of their own Zip Code zones and are chosen largely by neutral commissioners, not the coaches; and, finally, conference and NCAA ethics committees have all but erased home-gamesmanship. So the home-court advantage is a myth—right?

Wrong. This year 70% of college basketball games have been won by the home team (*see chart on page 20*). The advantage is as significant as it ever has been, possibly more so in certain areas. Last week, for example, as conference races entered their critical phases, 14 games were played in the Missouri Valley and the AAWU. Twelve were won by the home team. Defending national champion UCLA has won all its home games and lost seven on the road. Wichita has won all its Valley games at home and lost all the others. All three Kansas losses and three of St. Joseph's four were road games. "Anytime you win on the road it's an upset," says Marquette's Al McGuire.

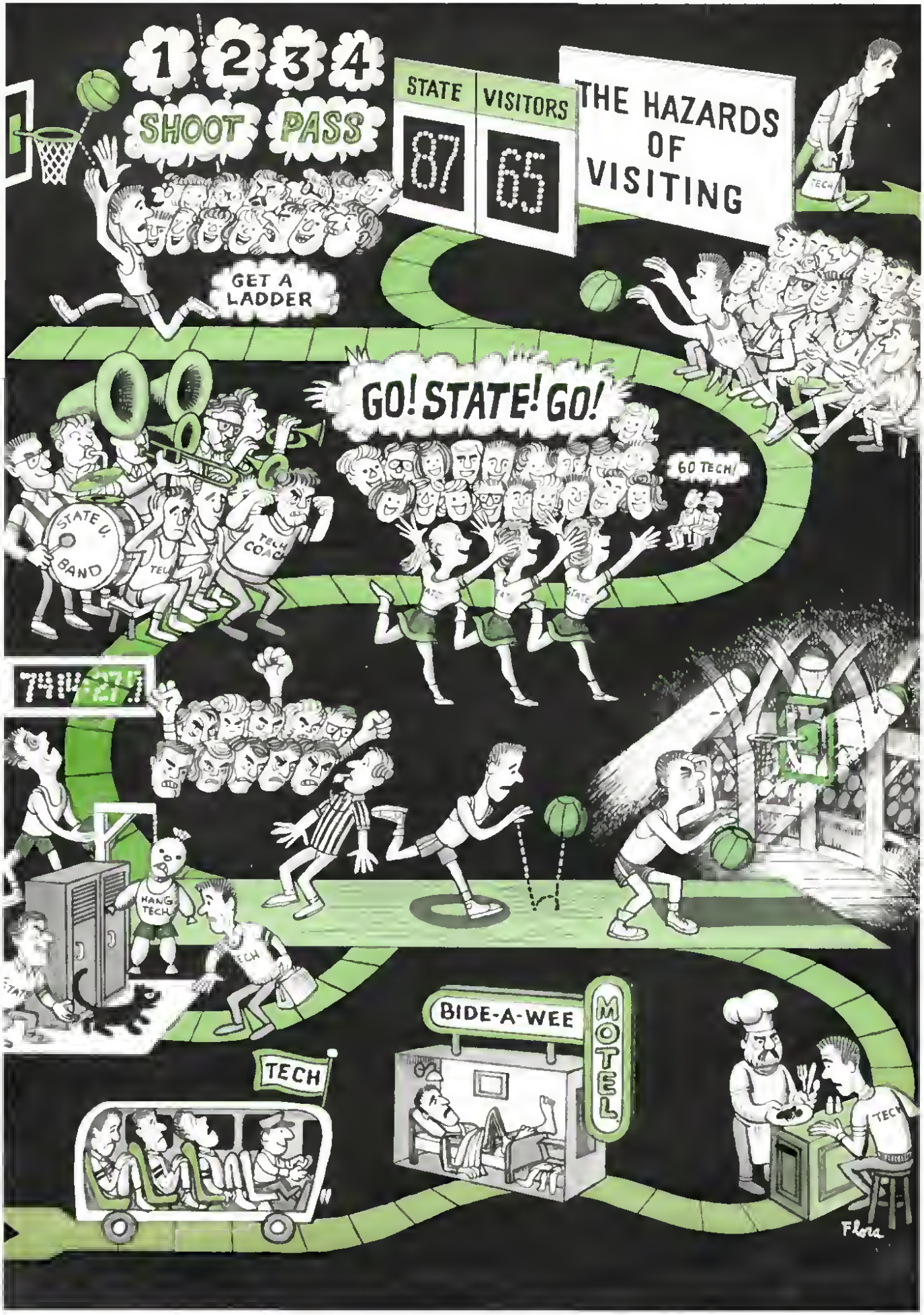
A few specific home-and-home series provide dramatic illustration of the problem:

UCLA (home) 79, Oregon State 35
Oregon State (home) 66, UCLA 51
Difference: 59 points
Oklahoma City (home) 138, TCU 114
TCU (home) 103, Oklahoma City 93
Difference: 34 points
Evansville (home) 104, Butler 68
Butler (home) 110, Evansville 83
Difference: 63 points

According to Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder, who studies "the baskets" from his command post in Las Vegas (and who may be conservative nevertheless), every college team is worth at least five additional points when it plays at home; when the home team is Kentucky, Evansville, Brigham Young, Penn State or DePaul, the edge moves into double figures. Basketball teams remain, as Euripides said of women, "Good for everything at home, but abroad good for nothing." And the question is why. Why—especially in view of the improvements noted in gyms, officiating and general behavior?

A clue to one answer is to be found in the National Basketball Association this year. Last season the NBA's home winning percentage was 58; this year it is 71. One reason for this remarkable rise is the performance of the Boston Celtics. They are winning at home (23–3) about as well as ever, but they are no longer ruining the home records of the other clubs. Their record on the road is 13–17. *continued*

Traditional trials of travel include (from bottom) discomfort of public carriers, short beds, strange food, home-gamesmanship, unfamiliar floors and lighting, home pressure on officials, blaring bands, lack of support in stands, close seating, loud heckling and, saddest of all, the final score.


1 2 3 4
SHOOT PASS
GET A LADDER
STATE 87
VISITORS 65
THE HAZARDS OF VISITING
GO! STATE! GO!
GO TECH!
STATE U. BAND
TECH COACH
HANG TECH
TECH
BIDE-A-WEE MOTEL
TECH
Flora

For one reason or another, the Celtics have moved down to the level of the rest of the NBA; except for Detroit, there is better balance all around the league. And the same is true for college basketball.

All over the country college teams are getting better and better and, with a few exceptions, approaching parity. The result is well put by Coach Gary Thompson of Wichita: "Since any two teams are likely to be extremely even, those factors that, taken together, produce a home-court edge will usually determine the outcome of the game. I know that's true in the Missouri Valley, where even our last-place team, North Texas, can hold a team like St. Louis to a two-point margin on the North Texas court. But it isn't limited to the Valley. Six or seven years ago you could look down your schedule at the start of the season and pick half a dozen games you could count on winning. This year I didn't see a single one I could count on, particularly on the road. Today, if each team plays its average game, the home team usually will win. Coaches understand this. The public doesn't. Soon after we beat Michigan at home in December, Butler also beat Michigan, also at home. Fans were shocked. Coaches weren't. They knew Butler had a good, sound team capable of beating anyone at home."

Another new factor, replacing some of those that are disappearing, is the growing popularity of full-court pressing defenses. These defenses, almost always an integral part of a team's offense as well, rarely function as efficiently on foreign courts as they do at home. For just one thing, the home crowd, alert to its team's style, adds the irritation of wild screams to the rattling effect of the press itself on the visitors. Roaring home fans will count in unison as the visitors bring the ball upcourt, to make sure they are not allowed more than 10 seconds to get past the center line. On the road, however, the pressing team gets a different kind of attention from the crowds. Says Pete Newell, California's athletic director and a master of this style of play: "On the road you simply don't play as aggressive a defense as you do at home. Many times violations are called because the home rooters pointed them out to the officials—like hacking or blocking. These are never called from the stands about the home team. Somebody will yell, about a visiting player, 'Watch Jones, he's always shoving,' and the official finds himself looking for shoving. The zone press is an intimidating kind of defense that requires aggression. It loses its effectiveness if Jones is reticent, and if early fouls are called on him—to his surprise—his aggressiveness is curbed." With its press UCLA has not lost a game at home in three years. Against Duke in North Carolina this season, UCLA lost twice on successive nights, and in both games the press was used only sporadically and was ineffective. Duke may well have been the better team in any case, but the fact remains that UCLA did not play the same kind of game it plays at home. Few pressing teams do.

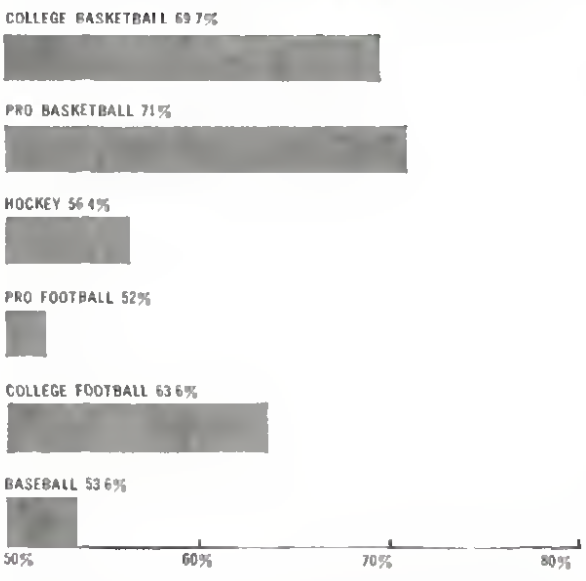
(An interesting corollary to this is the newly launched theory that ball-control teams, with their steady, take-it-easy style, will fare better on the road than strongly aggressive teams. It sounds reasonable but is not borne out by the figures, possibly because visiting ball-control teams, who may find the referees more friendly, also inspire a greater volume of booing from restless, hostile spectators. The nation's top 20 offensive teams, taken as a group, have better records overall than the top 20 ball-control teams. They are better at home—86% wins to 82% wins—*and* on the road—58% wins to 57% wins—than the ball-control teams. So the slowdown style has little, if any, effect on the home-court edge.)

Many of the old familiar handicaps that have bedeviled visiting teams for decades still take their toll and, according to Arizona State's Ned Wulk, are insuperable. "I've tried everything," he says. "Arrive a day early and get in two drills, change eating schedules, call meetings, do anything to keep the boys busy and not bored or tense. Nothing works. No matter what you do it still boils down to whether the ball goes into the hoop, and a boy doesn't have to be far off to be way off. Different lighting, different floor feel, the home crowd—they all add up to a couple of inches, and he won't hit anything. You can't psych basketball players as you do in football; there are too many games on the schedule."

True enough, a basket has always counted for two points and that is how the game is scored and, thereby, won. But shooting, even by average players, has become more and more accurate through the years. A missed shot today often means a four-point difference in the score—two points lost to the team whose player has missed, two points added by the other team, which gets the ball and then scores itself. And the home team has all of the advantages cited by Ned Wulk in shooting on its own court.

If "homer" officiating no longer contributes to the home edge, most coaches still feel that the crowd does exert some influence, though they always make sure to use the word "subconsciously" in expressing this opinion. "It is one of

HOME WINNING RECORDS IN MAJOR SPORTS



Comparison with other sports demonstrates basketball's home-court advantage, even among pros. The edge in college football is attributable to many of the same hazards—plus one other: climate.

life's satisfactions to feel that you are doing a good job," Tex Winter of Kansas State says. "If a crowd boos you consistently you may get the idea that you aren't doing a good job, and you may subconsciously try to please that crowd." That covers a touchy subject as neatly as anyone could ask.

But even if all games were played in silence before computerized referees, somebody still would have to travel, and traveling in winter can often be unsettling. Blizzards and cold do not add pleasure to plane, train or bus rides. In addition, no basketball player believes that public carriers recognize the existence of legs. Neither do motel beds. "My big guys don't get their feet warm from the time we leave for a road game until we get back home," Forrest Twogood of Southern Cal says.

To combat some of the hazards of travel coaches try to create an atmosphere of home away from home. Adolph Rupp, whose Kentucky team has lost nowhere this year, has an agenda he follows on every trip. Its purpose is to maintain a normal routine as well as to prepare the team for a game. On arrival the day before, the Wildcats have a get-acquainted practice at the battle scene, then have dinner and see a movie. Next morning, up at a regular time, they have shooting practice after breakfast to break up the morning. Lunch is followed by rest, a game movie, chalk-talk and a walk about town. Then come dinner, rest and the game.

Many coaches ignore or at least soft-pedal the whole home-court controversy in the presence of their players, on the theory that such talk makes matters worse. Says Ted Owens of Kansas, "Remember, a player will seldom appear on a so-called hostile court more than three times in his career. He rarely associates it with any special difficulties. It's the coach who remembers all the bad things that happened over the years." George Ireland of Loyola asserts, "Many coaches get psyched. 'Gee, we just can't win at Wichita,' they say. And that is the real reason people *do* lose at Wichita."

Nevertheless, many of these same coaches use obviously different strategies away from home. The press is the prime example, but most visiting teams will substitute more and will utilize different personnel, going with the players who do better under pressure. In one game this year Ray Meyer ordered his team to let the opponents drive early in the game, so that DePaul would not get into foul trouble quickly. When a visiting team gets ahead another tactic is to slow things down sooner than it would at home. This serves to relax the tempo and the home crowd, and it also forces the home team into fouling situations. John Benington of Michigan State insists that he dreads getting far ahead on the road against a good team. "You are liable to get caught," he says, "and when you are, they'll fly right past you. I'd rather be close all the way, so that no great momentum can be generated for the home team. When you're at home and the opponents get a burst, you don't have to worry so much because the crowd isn't going to be a factor in their favor."

There is some evidence to suggest that a rabid home crowd can be too much of a good thing, for teams that are especially favored by screaming supporters may come to rely on them to such an extent that road games are mighty dismal events. This may account for the records of Wichita, St. Joseph's and Iowa this season. It is also possible that *not* having delirious home crowds makes it easier to win on the road. Illinois, for instance, plays in a beautiful new mushroom cloud of an arena in Champaign-Urbana. The seats are so far away from the court that it often seems as if the game is in Champaign and the fans are in Urbana. Last week when Illinois was 2-2 in Big Ten play at home and 3-1 everywhere else, John Benington said, "The way Illinois loses at home and Iowa loses on the road, when they play at Illinois it'll probably be a scoreless tie." Kansas is another team with a huge field house, but the Jayhawks are undefeated this year at home and the fact that Coach Owens had the cheering section moved out of the balcony to floor level might help account for this. "I would have to say," Ray Meyer admits, "that that guy we've got in the first row, beating the bass drum, is worth four points to DePaul anytime."

Though the crowds may be improving—the hot pennies, paper clips and dead fish are rarities today—no codes of behavior are likely to inhibit the emotional outpouring that basketball inspires. Nor would it be good if that did happen. "You tell a crowd to be quiet, and you kill it—whatever it is that the game has," says Doc Hayes of SMU. "And it certainly has something to make the crowd act that way." As long as basketball is so quick and precise a sport, as long as drums play and pretty cheerleaders cheer in the visiting coach's ear, there is going to be a home-court advantage. The encouraging thing is that now, more and more, this advantage springs from natural causes and is not manufactured, the way it used to be—when it was strictly a disadvantage to the game. END

THE RECORD IN THE MISSOURI VALLEY

	TEAM STANDINGS	MVC HOME GAMES	OVERALL HOME GAMES
CINCINNATI	9-3	6-0	12-0
WICHITA STATE	6-4	6-0	11-0
ST. LOUIS	6-5	4-0	9-1
BRADLEY	6-5	4-1	12-1
DRAKE	6-5	4-3	7-5
LOUISVILLE	6-6	4-1	10-1
TULSA	5-5	4-1	8-2
NORTH TEXAS	0-11	0-6	3-7
		32-12	72-17

Team balance has led to the remarkable number of home victories Wichita State, still in contention for the conference title, is given little chance to win because its last three games are on the road.

A BELLY WHOPPER TO A TAKE-OUT WIN

Merle Taylor, mother of seven, crawled, scrambled and led her inelegant St. Paul rink to a stone-cracking upset over some surprised curling rivals, who found the socializing just perfect for their less violent tastes

by TOM C. BRODY

It was the very cream of society, mostly, that flew into Schenectady last week for the women's national curling championships, the kind that is perfectly at home in St. Moritz or Nassau or Palm Beach. Everything elegant that is supposed to happen at a women's bonspiel went off without a hitch except—except the society matrons, who simply adore the sporting life, ran up against a cashier, a schoolteacher, the wife of an engineer and the wife of a minister. The four, all from St. Paul, would not know a Dior bonnet if it were to ride down the ice atop a curling stone. Worse, they came to Schenectady armed with an aggressive game and an improbable notion that you enter a national championship in order to beat the stretch pants off any team that gets on the ice with you. Such single-minded devotion rarely gets anybody top billing on the society pages but, sister, it wins bonspiels, and that is exactly the way it turned out when St. Paul defeated the Winchester, Mass. Country Club rink 7–2 in the final playdown.

The St. Paul victory came as an awful shock to the more genteel practitioners of the ancient sport, who were under the impression that good old Plymouth Rock stock, a membership in the best suburban country club, a marital affiliation with an Ivy League college and quite a bit of luck were enough to win any bonspiel. "Oh, my," said one chic Easterner, "they're so serious."

One of the very last things Merle Taylor had in mind when she began to build her St. Paul rink was the casual approach. She is slight and dark-haired, with enough bounce to give a Superball a massive inferiority complex, and raising seven children has done nothing to soften her idea that curling is an all-out affair, whether the situation calls for a draw game or the smash-'em-up approach. Her problem, however, was finding three more women who could handle a take-out game, in which a team blasts an opponent's stones out of scoring territory. She found them.

Her first choice was easy: Marilynn Post. Miss Post, who spends her working days as a cashier for a St. Paul power-and-light company, was a skip herself, had four years of the keenest kind of competition behind her and went at curling as if there was nothing to fear but fear, just right for a vice-skip. Mrs. Leonard Grant had had five years to perfect her game and, with her knack for putting a stone exactly where her skip wanted it, she became an ideal lead. It was Merle Taylor's choice for her second that was the shocker. Marsha Hultstrand is a tall blonde with the instincts of a superb athlete, but she had had exactly one year of curling experience before this season. In a sport that usually requires years to master, picking Miss Hultstrand was like deciding to perform a prefrontal lobotomy with a do-it-yourself kit. It takes a year just to learn how to hold the broom properly. Only a month ago Miss Hultstrand was sweeping the ice, with great vigor, through her legs. Hoo, boy! That's inexperience for you. But, as Merle Taylor said firmly, "In five years she will be the best."

Merle began vigorous, twice-a-week practice sessions, and the rink liked it that way. She was convinced that her young squad was good—very good—but the only real way to prove the point was at a good old-fashioned bloodletting. St. Paul found one in the 40-rink bonspiel at Chisholm, Minn., which is just about 10 miles from Hibbing, the absolute *it* of American curling. The girls slam-banged their way through five playdowns without even breathing hard.

The men of the St. Paul Curling Club were so proud of this achievement that they offered to teach the girls a thing or two more in a series of three matches. Great shades of blushing pink! Merle Taylor's rink won all three games. Then, the nationals in mind, they stepped up

their practice sessions to three a week.

Fortunately, none of this was known to the doves waiting in Schenectady. "It's so wonderful to be able to see all your old friends again," said an unsuspecting New Englander, who was sipping a Bloody Mary before her 8 a.m. match. Not even the defeat of the defending champion, Indian Hill (Winnetka, Ill.) rink, spoiled the festive air.

By Friday it became quite evident which teams were the tough ones: both rinks from the Chicago Curling Club were winning impressively, the Skokie (Ill.) rink took two of its games by the improbable scores of 20-1 and 14-3 and, in the biggest surprise of all, not the first but the second-string Schenectady rink was piling up do-or-die wins. Allowed in only because they came from Schenectady, the local rinky-dinks won once by two points and twice by a single point to take on a distinct Cinderella aura.

And, of course, there was St. Paul, which was distinguishing itself not so much by the size of its scores as by the violence of its play. When opposing teams came off the ice they had the uncomfortable feeling they had been clobbered as never before. The St. Paul stones came faster, harder and with greater accuracy than anyone else's—like men's, for goodness sakes—and as for their sweeping, especially Marsha Hultstrand's, they each went at it like a housewife who had discovered a line of army ants crawling up the front hallway.

Among the better rinks, high-scoring Skokie was the first to run into St. Paul. "We planned to litter the house [circle]," said Skokie's lead, Peg Ohle. "You know, sort of surround them. Only every time we put a stone in the house, blam!, out it would go." And out went Skokie. Next, in the semifinals, it was the turn of the Schenectady second team. Blam! Pumpkins again.

In the other bracket it was all Winchester, Mass. but, like Schenectady, it was Winchester's second rink that was pulling off the big wins. "We hadn't even intended to come," said Skip Mayan Wilcox, a stately blonde, who went through the playdowns with a quizzical sort of smile that seemed to signify something like, "Well, you never know, do you?" Mrs. Wilcox remained icy calm in the face of the most hair-raising situations. Down 9-1 in an early-round match, for instance, she brought her rink back for a 12-9 win. And not a hair of her lovely head was amiss.

The final playdown was, in more ways than one, the perfect battle between classic styles. Preparation for the nationals was a now-and-then thing for Winchester. "We're all so busy," explained Mrs. Wilcox. "But we're awfully glad to come. The social end of all this is really more important than curling."

The St. Paul rink, by contrast, got its kicks on the eve of battle by taking a seven-block walk, dining at 5:30 and hunking in at 10:30. "Maybe I'll go out and live a little tonight," said Marilynn Post. "Oh, no you won't," said her skip, in the tone of a woman who has raised seven children.

The match similarly contrasted the eastern draw game with the western take-out, a not-quite-nifty boxer vs. a real puncher. The applause for one of Winchester's beautifully placed stones would hardly die down when St. Paul would knock it out of the house. Slowly but emphatically, St. Paul was beating Winchester's brains out with its thunder stones, especially the ones thrown by Merle Taylor. Ordinarily the St. Paul skip follows her stone with her nose practically on the ice, but when the shot is particularly crucial, as it was in the ninth end, she follows behind with an out-and-out belly whopper. As her stone closed in on the last hit of Ailsa Craig granite left in the house and it was obvious that St. Paul would win, she rose to one knee, smiled and said softly, "Blam." **END**

HI JOE, LONG TIME NO SEE

More than a year ago the fastest and best-loved racing greyhound in England was snatched from his kennel. Last week after a series of mysterious phone calls he reappeared as fit, apparently, as ever **by JOHN LOVESEY**

The public address system at London's White City Stadium was blaring the strains of *Hello Dolly!* and the hearts of the crowd were echoing the brassy refrain, "It's so nice to have you back where you belong!" But it was no musical comedy star they were welcoming. It was the sleek, black racing greyhound Hi Joe, whose mysterious disappearance from the racing kennels of Trainer Noreen Collin in Epping, Essex 13 months ago (SI, Jan. 25, 1965) had sparked the widest, longest and most unrewarding dog hunt in British police annals. Now Hi Joe, once the top racing greyhound in all Britain, was back again, parading proudly around the track at the end of a lead held by Miss Collin and to all appearance as fit as ever.

For more than a year the search for Hi Joe had extended not only the length and breadth of the British Isles but to France as well. Trainer Collin had received over 100 phone calls, all of which appeared worth checking out but none of which produced the lost dog. As time went by, the conviction that Hi Joe had been done in grew strong. When, for a period of about four months, nothing significant was heard and the phone at Epping rang less constantly, only Noreen Collin continued to hope—feeling as she had all along that "somehow, sometime he would emerge."

The first solid justification of that optimism came about two weeks ago in the form of a telephone call to the *Greyhound Express*, the dog tracks' equivalent of the *Daily Racing Form*. The voice on the line, Irish by the sound of it, wanted to check Hi Joe's earmarks. Like all Irish-bred greyhounds, Joe had been given a distinguishing mark—in his case, the letters V H X tattooed on the inside of the left ear. This was the first of four critical phone calls. The second concerned the reward. When Hi Joe first disappeared, his owner, Victor Chandler, a prosperous bookmaker, had offered £2,000 for the return of the dog. After the first phone call Noreen Collin got in touch with Chandler, who was about to go off to the Bahamas on vacation, to ask if the original reward offer still held. Chandler answered that he was now willing to give only £1,000, provided the dog was in good condition. Next day when the Irishman called again, Noreen told him of the drop in reward. He hung up, saying he would have to consult a friend.

There was a lapse of two days before the third call came through. During this conversation it was agreed that the transfer of the reward should be arranged through a lawyer and that Noreen would meet the two men in a pub in Soho, called, appropriately, The Three Greyhounds. From the time of the second call, the police had been kept informed of what was happening. On the evening of the planned meeting, Detective Sergeant Peter Jarrott, who had worked on the case from the beginning, was in the pub posing as a customer. At 8 p.m. Noreen Collin arrived as specified.

"I've never had such an ordeal in my life," says that respectable lady. "I wouldn't have done it for anybody except Hi Joe. I went in and bought a whiskey and gingerale. The proprietor gave me a bit of an odd look, as you can imagine. Suddenly somebody sidled up to me. He said, 'I think you're waiting for me—sit down.' I sat down. He sat down. And another man, who'd been at the bar when I walked in, sat down on the other side."

One of the men was elderly, the other quite young. Noreen Collin believes that neither of them was implicated in the

Relaxing with Trainer Collin, Hi Joe (foreground) is home among friends once more.

theft of Hi Joe. Certainly, the tone of the conversation seemed to bear this out. She gave them the address of the lawyer whom they would have to see to tie up the details of the reward. During the talk they told her that one of them worked for a building contractor and the other in a pub.

The next time they telephoned (from a public call box) the conversation went on so long that the operator had to butt in to ask for more money. Noreen quickly asked the operator to reverse the charge. During the call, it was agreed that they would phone her again the next day, at 10:30 in the morning, to say where the dog was being kept.

That morning 20 policemen stood ready to swoop into action when the call came through. "Everybody was keyed up, like *High Noon*," said Noreen Collin. Midday passed and the call never came. At 3:30 in the afternoon it was decided to cancel the operation. But, by then, two clues had come neatly together.

Noreen Collin, remember, had asked the telephone operator to reverse payment on the fourth call. Because of this, the police were able to ascertain that the two men had called from Dunstable, a town only about 30 miles away from Epping. During the conversation at The Three Greyhounds one of the men had also revealed that he worked in a pub. Putting these tips together, Detective Sergeant Jarrott systematically combed the pubs of Dunstable until he found his man, who was called Jim.

When confronted, Jim agreed to tell where Hi Joe was being kept, but only in the presence of Noreen Collin. Noreen accordingly went to Dunstable in the early evening of Wednesday. Persuaded by her that, if the reward was going to be paid, he and his associate would receive it, Jim gave the police the address of a 27-year-old automobile worker called Bartholomew Casey. The police made their way to a semidetached house in Evelyn Road and walked into a wooden garage. They called Noreen Collin in after them.

"I went in. It was dark," she said later. "I felt around, and I felt a dog. I felt his head and I started going all sort of odd." Hi Joe has a bone in his forehead that Noreen Collin would recognize anywhere. "Archie," she murmured, calling Hi Joe by his familiar nickname. "For a minute he was all fussed," Noreen said later. "then, suddenly it seemed to dawn on him. He just wanted to come up near me. Everytime I got up, he got up. Everytime I sat down, he sat down."

The letters V H X tattooed on Irish-bred Hi Joe's ear were inexpertly altered to N B K.

Three greyhound puppies were found in the garage with Hi Joe, and it was widely suggested that he might be their sire. But a greater mystery was what Hi Joe was doing in Bartholomew Casey's garage at all. Casey was as uncommunicative about that as Hi Joe was about the pups. He had, in fact, disappeared. Casey's wife said she knew nothing about the dog except that he had been put in her husband's care and that she herself had fed him on bread and cheese. It did not take the police long to discover that Hi Joe had been entered in races at a greyhound stadium in Bletchley, Buckinghamshire under the name Super Black or that Casey had listed himself as Black's owner.

Bletchley is a "flapping" track, which means it is unaffiliated with the National Greyhound Racing Society, and by definition is a very small affair. When Hi Joe was stolen, the very idea of such a dog running at flapping tracks was pooh-poohed. If he were not identified by his appearance then his performance, most experts said, would give him away. But a dog's form can be tampered with and, apart from this, Hi Joe had been a bad starter ever since he had been involved in a race in which the traps twice failed to open. A flapping track with its small circuit (220 yards as compared to the 470 yards of a track like White City) would pose an extra handicap for a slow starter. It was quite possible that under such conditions Joe would run well enough to win money but not to attract attention. As Super Black, Hi Joe finished third in two races at Bletchley, but it appeared possible that he had set records—under different names—at other tracks.

Further investigation, it was generally believed, would show that Hi Joe had been kept under wraps after his dognapping until the general hue and cry died down. There may have been, according to one source, an attempt to dye him blue. But the distinguishing feature that had to be disguised was Hi Joe's tattoo. Even flapping tracks, lax as their inspections might be, would not overlook this. The letters V H X tattooed on Hi Joe's ear were therefore altered, not too expertly but well enough, to N B K. With this done, Hi Joe might have kept on running at flapping tracks till his racing career was over had it not been for the informers who guessed his identity.

At week's end the two informers had not yet stopped around to pick up their money. But there were no charges laid against them and there seemed little doubt that they had a right to collect. The fugitive Bartholomew Casey, on the other hand, walked into the police station in Dunstable on Sunday night and gave himself up. He was promptly charged, not with stealing a dog—which in England is only a minor offense—but with the far more serious crime of stealing a dog's coat.

What interested British bettors more than Casey's fate, however, was: How much racing does Hi Joe have left in him?

"If his racing ideas haven't been ruined by all this flapping around," said Miss Collin, "he shouldn't take long to get back into form."

Meanwhile Hi Joe was resting like a lord on a couch in the sitting room of Forest Cottage where, incidentally, the police tend to lurk whenever Noreen Collin is away racing nowadays. He is back on his old diet: honey, cornflakes, milk, steaks, rusks and vegetables. If he does not prove to be his old self, he will be retired to stud. "With the record he had before," explained Noreen Collin, "I wouldn't want to race him anymore if he is going to be mediocre." All of Britain would nod in agreement to that. **END**

Just a few feet from the small bar in Leo Durocher's magnificent $200,000 home overlooking the city of Los Angeles sits a small stuffed lion with a drawstring hanging from its throat. Pull the string, and the lion roars, "I love children," or "I'm king of the jungle," or "I'll protect you." Ask Durocher, now 59, where the lion came from and what it represents, and he will lower his honking voice and say, "Frank Sinatra gave it to me and, even though a lot of people call me Leo the Lip and a lot of other people call me a lot of other things, it represents me—Leo the Lion. The Brat put that name on me back in 1951, the year of the Miracle Giants."

Eddie Stanky, The Brat himself, now 48, remembers about Durocher's nickname, and his own, too. "I used to go to a lot of movies in those days," he says. "At the beginning of every Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture this lion had its great big mouth open making noise. It reminded me of Leo, so I started calling him Leo the Lion. The Brat? I got that in 1945 as a term of affection when Eddie Murphy, a sportswriter for the *New York Sun*, wrote, 'Eddie Stanky, the brat from Kensington, Pennsylvania. . . .' It stuck, but not always as a term of affection. People have had trouble believing I am anything but a brat. I remember sitting one night with my wife Dickie and some of her friends when one of the girls said, 'But Dickie, he's not at all

TWO HEADLINERS TAKE OVER

like I thought he would be—a brat.' Dickie said, 'What did you think I married, some kind of a ragpicker?' "

This week, as baseball spring training begins, Durocher and Stanky (*see cover*) are both returning as major league managers after absences of 10 years. Durocher will handle (some hope even occasionally manhandle) the long-moribund Chicago Cubs, who have not finished in the National League's first division since 1946. This, athletically speaking, was an eon ago, back when Assault was winning the Triple Crown, Joe Louis had three championship years left and Bobby Layne and Charlie Conerly were college boys. Stanky, on the other hand, takes over the Chicago White Sox, a team that has not been out of the American League's first division since 1950.

The idea of having Durocher on the North Side and Stanky on the South Side has Chicagoans anticipating a season filled with controversy, daring, brawls and intrigue. Each comes in with a three-year contract at a time when no other big-league manager is guaranteed employment for longer than two years. Judging by the behavior of the Chicago news media, the two have become the biggest story since Al Capone was giving the hit-and-run signs on Rush Street. In a period of one week this winter Durocher and Stanky made more than 200 radio and television tapes, their contribution to the furor that has *continued*

CHICAGO

Tha Lip and Tha Brat will run the Cubs and the Whita Sox—and the Windy City faces a stormy summar

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

stimulated both controversy and ticket sales. The Cubs' season-ticket program is up over 35%, and the White Sox already have banked more than $1 million. Sox group-ticket sales are up 30%, and the preseason demand for their tickets is higher than it was in 1960, which was the year after they won the American League pennant.

The schedules of both the National and American leagues cannot help but expose both Durocher and Stanky under the best of promotional conditions. The Cubs open the season with 12 consecutive games against the two teams most strongly tied to Durocher's managing history, the Giants and Dodgers. The Sox begin at home, then go to Anaheim, Calif. to help the Angels open the new $24 million stadium there. By the middle of May they will have visited eight of the league's cities, have played a weekend series at home against the Detroit Tigers—traditionally one of the best gate attractions in Chicago—and two home games against the league-champion Minnesota Twins.

By the time Durocher begins working with the Cubs in their new spring training location in Long Beach, Calif. and Stanky has gotten acquainted with the Sox in their Sarasota, Fla. camp, many may wrongly assume that a great attendance war is ahead. But for that to happen the Cubs would have to get off to a tremendous start, because the Sox have outdrawn the Cubs by more than two million in the last five years. The interest that the new managers arouse is the big thing, however. If both teams play well all Chicago attendance records could conceivably fall, and all baseball will benefit. According to Bill Veeck, incontestably an expert on what Chicago will pay to see, the possibilities are limitless. "I figure," he says, "that having Durocher and Stanky managing again almost balances baseball's loss of Casey Stengel. Having them manage in the same city is a very interesting situation, especially when that city is Chicago. If they had been hired to manage in New York, so what? New York would just have taken each one in stride. The only other place with two clubs is Los Angeles, and it has no identity.

"But Chicago is like the lions in front of the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue —they've been out in the weather so long they've been softened by time. Chicago does not have the lacquer, or veneer, or pseudosophistication of New York. But it has motion. The whole town can get excited. The night after we clinched the 1959 pennant in Cleveland [Veeck owned the White Sox from late 1958 until mid-1961] police estimated there were between 300,000 and 400,000 people out to meet us at Midway Airport. Can you imagine that much excitement anywhere else?

"Chicago has always been essentially a Cub town. It is divided north and south by Madison Street, and the income division roughly coincides with the geographical. The Cubs draw their strength from the wealthier areas on the North Side but, in a way, this is a curse. A Sox fan does not have to decide whether to go to the game or take his yacht out. If the Cubs do well Chicago might be a pretty good place this summer to buy a yacht cheap. A Sox fan is a baseball fan, period."

It obviously was no economic necessity that moved Durocher to come to the Cubs. Radio and television have made him a man of means. But economics was one of the reasons the Cubs wanted Leo. Before hiring Leo at a salary publicly estimated at $45,000 a year, but which probably is much higher than that, Owner Phil Wrigley had been employing a scheme of his own devising, a rotating-coach system. Under this plan, a group of men—as many as four in 1961—took over the Cubs for various periods of time, then rotated back to the minor leagues to supervise young talent on the farms. The players held slight respect for the coaches, because they resembled little more than so many Maypole dancers skipping around Wrigley. Nobody was ever in complete authority or willing to take responsibility. Ron Santo, the excellent third baseman who batted in 101 runs last season, was one of the first Cubs to openly endorse the junking of the rotating-coach plan and the arrival of Durocher. "He'll bring back confidence and the winning habit in the Cubs," said Santo. "He'll restore hustle and drive, and restore respect for us by other teams. Having the respect of the opposition may be the most important thing of all. I'll swear, I have felt during the past few years that opposing teams were so eager to play us that they'd come to town a day early. If the other team has that much confidence, it has it half made before it even gets on the field."

Over the past two seasons, when National League attendance was the highest in its history, crowds at Wrigley Field dropped 35%. In 1965 the Cubs lost $1,237,015 on their baseball operations, although their overall losses were reduced to $311,197 because of increased revenues from television, maintaining their own concessions and renting their stadium to the Chicago Bears of the National Football League. Had it not been for the lame-duck situation in Milwaukee, the Cubs would have finished last in league attendance, with 641,361. As it was, they were able to outdraw the off-to-Atlanta Braves by only 86,000.

Wrigley, unlike some baseball owners, is not a greedy man but one with eccentricities, the two most notable being refusal to yield to night baseball and a fondness for coming to the games in his own park and sitting unnoticed in the bleachers. "Wrigley," says Veeck, "is not the kind of man who cares about profit. He does not care if the Cubs make any money. It's like the way he runs the Wrigley Building Restaurant, which is one of the best places to eat in Chicago. The restaurant has a great bar business, which alone could make it a very lucrative operation. But it shows only a nominal profit. You can go into the Wrigley Building Restaurant and buy a sturgeon sandwich maybe cheaper than anywhere else in town. Wrigley puts a lot of money into improved services and less-expensive food. But he would be very unhappy if he ever lost a dollar—for which I can't blame him."

Cubbie fans, as they call themselves, are divided into two groups. The first consists of solid followers, who have been openly disgusted at some of the recent trades made by the team which have resulted in the traded Cubs performing better in different uniforms. (Lou Brock for the Cardinals and Smoky Burgess of the White Sox for example.) They relish the idea of Durocher taking over. The second group is made up, more or less, of quasi-intellectuals, who talk a lot about the team but see it play only occasionally. They look upon Durocher as the Black Knight come to sully the image of the delicate Cubbies.

Wrigley himself is very plain about why he hired Durocher. "Losses at the gate don't worry me," he said recently,

continued

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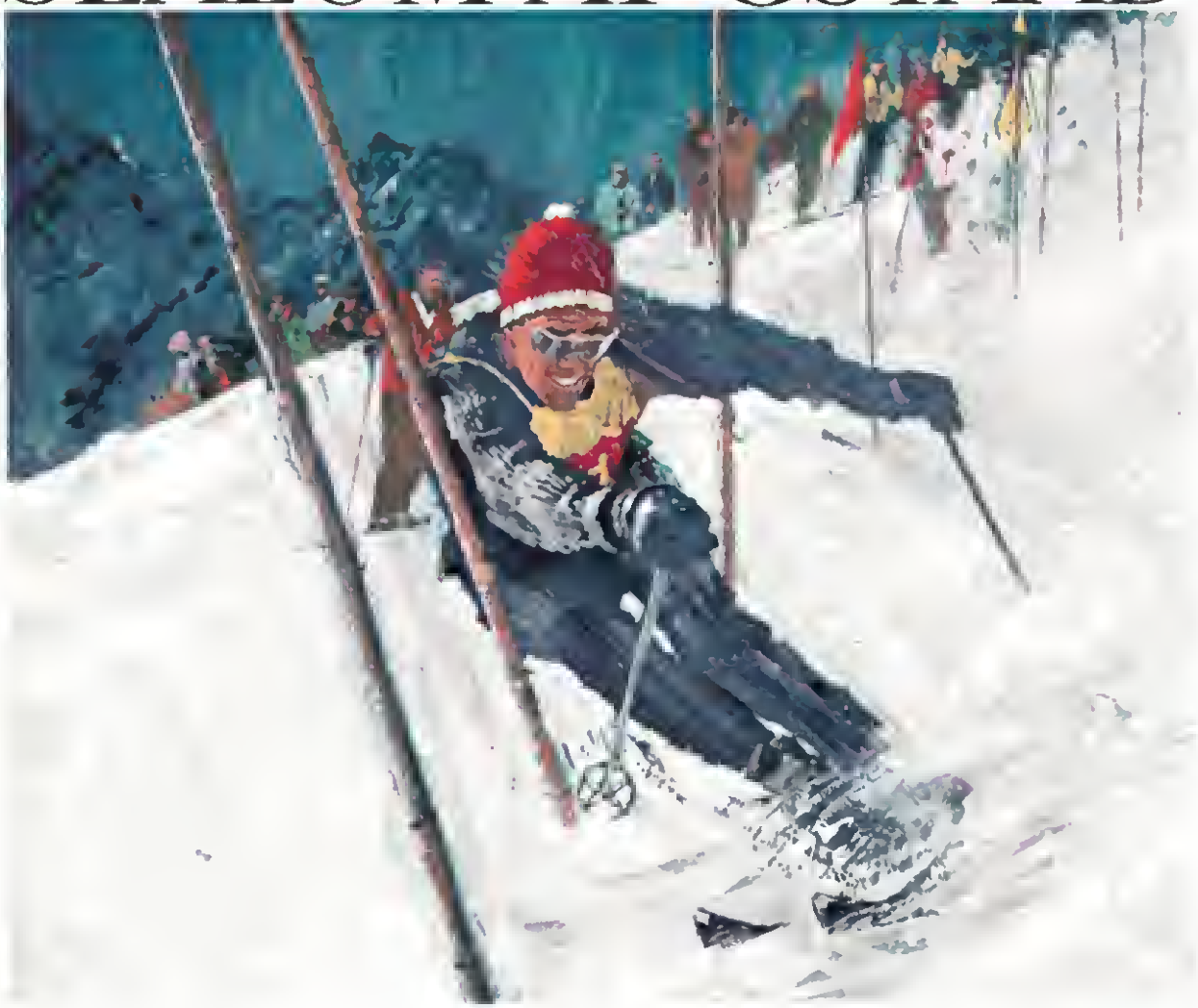

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"but losses on the field do, and that's why we got Durocher. I felt that the team just wasn't putting out. The reason I arrived at that conclusion was that whenever we traded players away they seemed to become stars somewhere else. Maybe we were just too good to them. I decided that what we needed was somebody with the drive, the toughness and the leadership of Durocher to get their best out of them. Somebody to wake them up."

Leo Durocher was named manager of the Cubs through a bizarre sequence of circumstances that began on the evening of September 18 in Milwaukee. Durocher was having dinner with his close friend Herman Franks, the manager of the San Francisco Giants. Franks is one of 10 current major league managers who have either played or coached under Leo. (The others: Stanky, Gene Mauch of the Phils, Wes Westrum of the Mets, Bobby Bragan of the Braves, Billy Herman of the Red Sox, Alvin Dark of the A's, Charley Dressen of the Tigers, Bill Rigney of the Angels and Gil Hodges of the Senators.) While at times there may be arguments between Durocher and some of them, these are always short-lived because they all admit that they learned a lot of baseball while sitting at Leo's heels.

Franks and Durocher had a couple of drinks and were talking over the day's game, one that Franks had managed and Durocher had announced for ABC-TV. Finally, Franks said, "Leo, you ought to be back managing. Sure, sure, I know, you got money and you think you're happy, but you belong managing." Then, according to Leo, the rest of the conversation went something like:

Durocher: Herman, there's nothing I'm interested in. I'm doing pretty good with my radio and TV. Pulling down pretty good money.

Franks: Leo, you ought to be managing the Chicago Cubs. That's your kind of team. Did you ever think about managing the Cubs? Maybe I could help you out if you'd be interested.

Durocher. Yeah, yeah, Whale Belly, Durocher managing the Cubs. You must be going off your rocker. Nobody has asked me.

Franks: Leo, I'll call John Holland [vice-president of the Cubs] right now. He's a friend of mine and he is a pretty good guy.

Durocher. Sure, Herman, you do that.

To Leo's surprise, Herman did, while Durocher sat at the table. Franks came back and told Durocher that Holland would be in touch with him shortly. Durocher did not know whether Franks was joking or not.

"Everyone thinks that I have had a lot of offers to manage teams in the 10 years that I have not been managing," Leo said recently. "Sure there have been offers, and some of them were pretty good ones, too. But not as many as people think. Both Larry and Lee MacPhail offered me the job as manager of the Baltimore Orioles before Hank Bauer got it. In 1959 Frank Lane and Nate Dolin in Cleveland wanted to replace Joe Gordon and made me an excellent offer. We talked in terms of a three-year contract and a big expense account and some stock. But I was making $105,000 a year from NBC, so I decided against it. I liked living in California, I enjoyed what I was doing in television, and did not really like the idea of moving to Cleveland.

"One day Charlie Finley called me up from Kansas City and asked me if I could come out there and manage that night against the Yankees. I was coaching for the Dodgers then, and they were paying me pretty good dough. And what the hell was I going to do in Kansas City? He called me back, and I said, 'Mr. Finley, if I want a steak I can get it right here—I don't have to go to Kansas City.'

"In 1964, on the Dodgers' last trip to St. Louis, Gussie Busch offered me the Cardinal job. The club was going bad, and he was thinking about replacing Johnny Keane. It was the end of August, and I was having dinner with some friends at the Westwood Country Club when I got a phone call asking me if I could go out to see Gussie at his place, Grant's Farm. Harry Caray, the Cardinal announcer, picked me up two blocks from the Chase Hotel, where the team stayed, and we went out to see Gussie. I've known Gussie for a long time, and I like him. He said, 'Leo, do you want to manage my club?' And I said yes. Then I kidded him and said he was tampering if he hadn't talked to Buzzie Bavasi or Walter O'Malley. Gus said, 'What about money? What about $25,000 or $35,000?' I said, 'Gus, that's a pretty good starting point, but only a starting point.' We had a handshake on it, and 3½ weeks later I resigned as a coach with the Dodgers.

"Everyone knows what happened after that. The Cards won the pennant and Gussie looked bad, so he tried to rehire Keane. Johnny told him no, and quit. I knew I couldn't go into that situation. Keane had won the pennant and the World Series. Anyway, Gussie never called me back. If he had I would have said, 'Gus, you can forget the handshake.' Finally I called him and said, 'Gus, are you trying to tell me something?' Later one of his guys came out to Los Angeles and asked me if I would like to be a coach under Red Schoendienst, who had been named as manager. I said, '*No way.*' There are lots of people who will tell you that I was offered the Met job a couple of times. This is absolutely not true. May I die now if I was."

One week following the dinner with Franks in Milwaukee, Durocher went to San Francisco to broadcast another game. Franks saw him there and told him that Holland was going to contact him, and Durocher now felt that the matter was no longer a joke. Holland eventually called Leo during the World Series, and the deal was agreed upon at a meeting in Durocher's home in L.A.

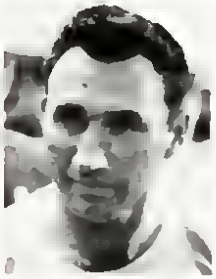
The announcement of Durocher's signing specifically mentioned that he had been hired without a title. At his first Chicago press conference, Durocher was asked if he were the head coach. "I'll clarify that right now," he said. "I'm not the head coach. No two men can run a club. It's tough enough for one man. Let me put it this way: I'm the manager. I'm the one that will have the coaches."

This was grand and daring, but Leo himself knew that there might be one thing wrong with it. He had not met Mr. Wrigley yet, the Mr. Wrigley who had given the Cubs their multiple-coach, no-manager system. That evening Durocher had a few people up to his suite for drinks, and among them were Mr. and Mrs. John Holland. Durocher was beginning to worry about how Wrigley would take to the idea of being told on television that Leo had taken over. The phone rang, and Durocher answered it. The call was from Wrigley, who wanted to speak to Holland. Leo says now that he remembers walking over into the corner and thinking to himself that the whole

continued

THE TEN BIG-LEAGUE MANAGERS WHO ONCE HAD LEO

EDDIE STANKY, White Sox, once executed for Dodgers 11 straight two-strike suicide squeeze plays signaled by Leo.



ALVIN DARK, Athletics, served Leo for five Giant years, first managed in 1955 when Leo told him to handle team for a day.

CHARLEY DRESSEN, Detroit, spent eight years under Lip, complained in '65 TV-man Leo was second-guessing him.

BILLY HERMAN, Boston, joined Leo in 1941 after aiding Cubs in best years. His hit-and-run helped Leo to pennant.

GIL HODGES, Senators, came to Leo at Brooklyn in 1948 as catcher, was converted into a first baseman by Durocher.

thing was about to go up in smoke, that Leo had lipped before he looked. Holland called Durocher to the phone and told him that the owner wished to speak to him. "Hello Mr. Wrigley," said Durocher, "I hope you haven't been watching me shoot my mouth off on television and think that I have come here to take over everything." Wrigley laughed. "That's why I wasn't at the press conference, Leo," he said, "I wanted you to do that —to take charge."

The hiring of Stanky by the White Sox may not seem as dramatic as Durocher's arrival with the Cubs, but the Sox situation is totally different. When Al Lopez, their respected manager for the past nine seasons, retired last fall to enjoy life more as a vice-president of the club, the Sox needed a tactician. No one has ever been able to gauge just how many games a manager wins for a team in the course of a year, but Lopez won more than his share by skillfully manipulating a team that had superior pitching, no hitting and not much defense. In 1964 the Sox won 98 games and lost the pennant by one game. There were times when it looked like they would lose nothing to minus one. Their pitching last year was not up to what it was in 1964, and seven of their best players had bad seasons, including three of their top pitchers from 1964. But the White Sox still won 95 games. Tactics with a team like this mean a lot.

After Lopez retired the Sox tried to get Mayo Smith, the superscout from the Yankees, to manage. When that fell through their problem was so severe that they went to the baseball winter meeting without a manager. The Chicago press, gleeful at already having Durocher, began to chide the Sox about finding somebody lively. But who?

Everyone in baseball assumed that Eddie Stanky, who had been fired by the Cardinals in 1955, no longer cared to manage in the major leagues. Stanky had never said this, though he had quietly turned down five major league offers. "I do not feel," he said recently, "that it is the correct thing to say who has offered you jobs, because it has to serve as a reflection on someone else who got the job later. I know that I was probably not the first choice of the White Sox, but it doesn't bother me."

Last fall Stanky, who for the past five years has been in charge of minor league operations for the St. Louis Cardinals and New York Mets, put a uniform on to manage the Met team in the Florida Instructional League. Early in December the White Sox asked permission from Bing Devine, the assistant general manager of the Mets, to speak to Stanky about managing. Devine gave the permission. After five flights in two days on a pair of rented Lear jets, White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn, General Manager Ed Short and Lopez were all finally able to get together with Stanky in Tampa. A day later The Brat was the new manager of the White Sox.

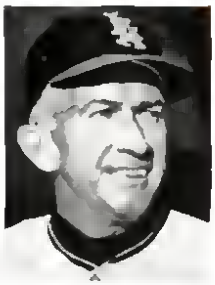
There is one Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., but sooner or later someone had better build a second one at Gussie Busch's Grant's Farm, because things sure happen there. It was there that Stanky was fired after managing the Cardinals for three and a half years. "I remember quite well how it went," Eddie says now. "It was six days before Dickie and the children were to come up from Mobile to St. Louis for the summer. I phoned Dickie and told her to hold off because I had this sixth sense that something was about to happen. There was a difference in the sound of some people's voices. Some weren't even saying hello to me in the same tone of voice. I was called to Grant's Farm, and Mr. Busch and Mr. Anheuser were there. I was told that I was being released because of the fans. I remember that I ended up hugging both of them and got the feeling that they liked me but that conditions were not right. I considered myself a successful manager in St. Louis.

"The next year I went to manage Minneapolis and lost the Little World Series playoffs in the seventh game. After that game I called Dickie and said, 'I'm not going to manage in the minor leagues again.' I wanted to be closer to my family, to see my children grow up and to enjoy them. I felt then that I would come back when I was older."

Stanky was a stormy manager in St. Louis. At times he had trouble with the press, his own coaches and the fans, as well as the opposition. When he ordered overweight players to stop eating potatoes he was bombed with protests from potato-growers. "Are you trying to ruin us?" they asked him. Stanky replied, "I've got enough to worry about without bothering about your potatoes."

No matter who disliked Stanky then, or for what reasons, almost everyone ad-

AS THEIR WATCHFUL TUTOR



BILL RIGNEY, California, played for Leo as Giant for six seasons, says, "We figured if he can manage anyone can."

BOBBY BRAGAN, Atlanta, sat beside Leo on Dodger bench two years, was told, "Don't worry, you'll be a manager."

HERMAN FRANKS, Giants, served Durocher for nine seasons and had hoped last year to hire him as a Giant coach.

GENE MAUCH, Phillies, in Brooklyn under Leo, ended Leo's playing career with a bad throw that broke his thumb

WES WESTRUM, Mets, allowed by Leo to run Giants for day, quit at midgame because, "I was not ready for pressure."

mitted that he was a superb tactician. In his book Stan Musial writes, "Eddie was probably the sharpest, tactically, of the eight men I played for in the big leagues." The former catcher Hal Smith, who did not play under Stanky but did work for him when Eddie was a minor league director, says, "I learned more baseball from Eddie in a few weeks than I learned during all the rest of my playing career."

Taking over the White Sox will not be an easy job for Stanky because he will constantly be compared to Lopez, but Stanky realizes this. "Al Lopez," Stanky says, "has carried the ball to the goal line many times, and now he's handed it to me to score. I know that people will compare me with Lopez, maybe even down to the way we dress and the cars we drive, but they can't compare me to him in money—he wins. People always compare, but that's life." It has also been suggested that Stanky has mellowed during his 10-year absence from big-league managing. "I don't like the word mellow," he says. "It reminds me of a piece of fruit that's gone soft."

Mellow or not, Stanky has long been recognized as an excellent developer of young ballplayers, and the White Sox have a lot of good young ones to work with, including, as usual, pitchers aplenty. "Baseball," Stanky says, "is now pitching. Pitching is so refined today that oldtimers have trouble believing it. The era of the strong, wild kid is gone. Pitching instruction is so complete now that a kid knows almost everything he's doing, down to the last possible degree. The White Sox have pitching, and this I like.

"The two things I do not like and will not stand are signs being missed and fat ballplayers. Ballplayers have to follow the rules of the manager. There are some strange things happening in baseball today. Guys who should only hit two home runs a year spend most of the season trying to hit 12, and then they hold out until April 1. You should remember that baseball statistics can be misleading. I hit .300 twice in my life, but the year I got on base 300 times was my best year because it helped the club win a pennant. The entire country is power crazy now. Everyone wants a faster car with more horsepower. When a man hits a home run the scoreboard explodes. [Thanks in part to Mr. Veeck, who built a wondrous pyrotechnic scoreboard for the White Sox.] It doesn't explode when a man steals a base, does it? I am not against a home run, but I do not want to see a guy waste my summer trying to hit 12 of them.

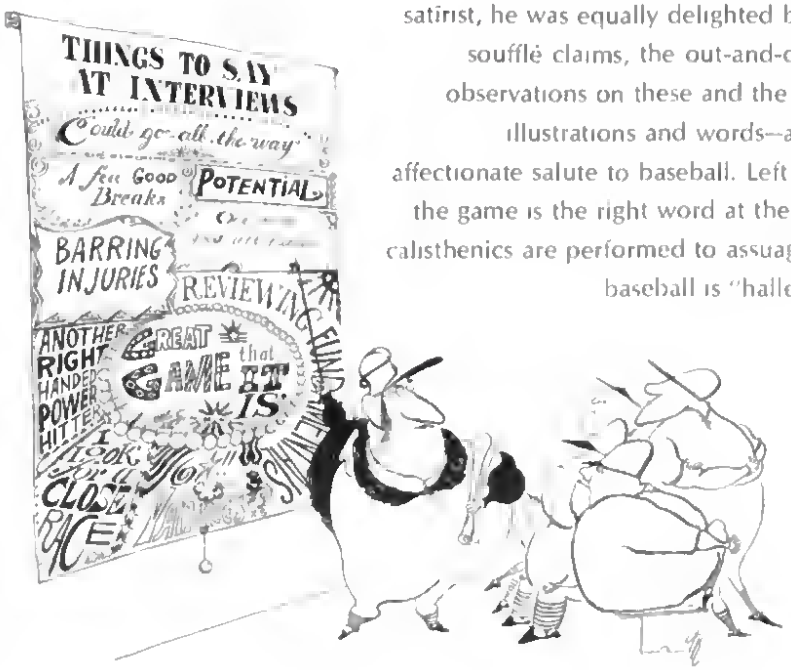
"I believe in a close relationship with my players, if they want it that way. But I will insist that they give me everything they have. I do not like this nonsense where the player says, 'I don't want to play doubleheaders,' or, 'I'm tired.' They have days off, and they should rest on the days off. They should rest in the winter, but when they come to spring training they are mine and they should be ready. They should be ready before they get there.

"Already people are asking me how many games I am going to get thrown out of, as if it is some kind of joke. It is not a joke with me. I'm not a Jackie Gleason. To put a yardstick on how many games I will be put out of is nonsense. I'm not worried about my emotional outbursts. My facial expressions often belie my feelings. I am a happy man. I may have weaknesses as a man, but I don't panic as a manager. When we were both in Chicago back in January and stopping at the LaSalle Hotel I called Leo. 'Eddie,' he said, 'don't worry about a thing. This town is big enough for both of us.'

"I guess I always thought Leo was responsible when I was traded away from Brooklyn to Boston back in 1948. There had been a disagreement. I was holding out for more money with the Dodgers, and Durocher, as manager, said, 'I can understand some other guys holding out, but *Stanky*?' I thought he was stabbing me in the back, and I said so. In late 1949 Leo, who was now managing the Giants, got me back in a trade with Boston. Everyone was waiting for the explosion. I remember our first infield drill at spring training. Leo was hitting grounders to us and making all that noise like he does, challenging you and trying to get you to make an error. He hit a grounder to me, and I threw it to the plate. The next one was a little slower and in a little closer. I fielded it clean and threw it in. The third one was even tougher. I said to myself, 'I got to knock this guy down.' I threw the ball so it just missed Leo's head, and down he went. He jumped up, chased me out toward second base and threw the fungo bat at me. Then we both looked at each other and laughed. In some ways we are the same type." • END

ROTH WAXES SPRING TRAINING

With an artist's eye, a malevolent imagination and a happy sense of the absurd, Arnold Roth went south to spring training. As a baseball fan, he was delighted by the sights, sounds, colors and hullabaloo of the training camps. As a satirist, he was equally delighted by the hokum, the soufflé claims, the out-and-out nonsense. The observations on these and the following pages—illustrations and words—are Roth's wry but affectionate salute to baseball. Left: the backbone of the game is the right word at the right time. Right, calisthenics are performed to assuage those to whom baseball is "ballet without music."



In this allegory we see the veterans (foreground, left) warily evaluating the green rookies, some of whom have already been sent down (right). In the middleground the working press joylessly grinds

out copy while the bonus babies arrive in the manner to which they have just become accustomed. Those who must he protected on the parent roster are taken care of by the reluctantly solicitous manager. In the background home-town fans await the season with trepidant curiosity. Commissioners and owners get to see each other and keep an eye on any who might he dissident among them

Strudl
Strudl

Club trainers use strong liniments, whirlpool baths and occult incantations to rescue the perennial sore muscles and torn ligaments. Veterans invariably incur such ailments on the first day of calisthenics. But they miraculously heal the day after the last day of calisthenics. Science prevails again.

New talent is displayed to the press. Everything the club's scouts have discovered is evaluated as "surefire" material—which makes surefire" springtime news copy. Sume players have been "surefire" springtime-copy New Talent for enough years to qualify for the pension.

Basically, spring training is a matter of getting out the kinks.

We Believe in the One True Sport

Baseball is a religion. And like any religion of respectable age it rewards its believers with ritual. Any decent religion provides a celebration of seasonal renewal. A good deal of the baseball religion's ritual is lavished on its yearly rebirth—spring training.

We of the true faith greet the opening of spring training by thoroughly reviewing the trades of the winter just ending. The Cardinals begat so-and-so, while Detroit begat somebody else, etc. Naturally, we nervously anticipate that our side begat better than it begave.

But faith is difficult to sustain, and the task of providing sustenance falls to our high priests—the self-flagellants of sportsdom, the baseball writers. They are men of normal appearance and seemingly normal scope of accomplishment. However, our "scribes" are called on to perform feats of exaltation the likes of which the gods themselves would shun. Reports, stories and articles are written by the inane mile. Every word is devoutly consumed by the orthodox. Story angles are constructed on an abundant lack of interesting material. "Can Stan Swkzbswlzi make the jump from junior high baseball to the majors?" we are asked (and told), or "Will the Mets bring back Stengel as player-manager?" It makes no sense. But we fanatics care.

Optimism and insanity run rampant. Trouble is, it's hard to tell which is which. Nearly all managers tell us their teams will "win the pennant." The few managers who have not yet been out in the hot sun for too long are more clear-headed. Their teams are, realistically, merely pennant "contenders." Which means they will play out the entire schedule in the same league—if not the same city.

Things like that only hearten the iconoclasts. It seems to prove what they've said all along, namely, "Managers don't know too much about baseball." But we ascetic believers know better. Managers say such things about their teams' chances because the managers are nice guys. Believers also realize how to qualify science with faith. They know that, despite Durocher's Law, *all* nice guys *don't* finish last, since there is only one last place in each league and, at least, three or four nice guys. Anyway, since nothing really counts in the spring, faith consistently moves mountains. Hitters who've never hit over .220 in 15 years in the majors are sure to hit well over .350 this year. Every pitcher will win *at least* 20 games by the All-Star break. And the season-ticket faithful rush to box offices to reserve pews appropriate for the viewing of miracles.

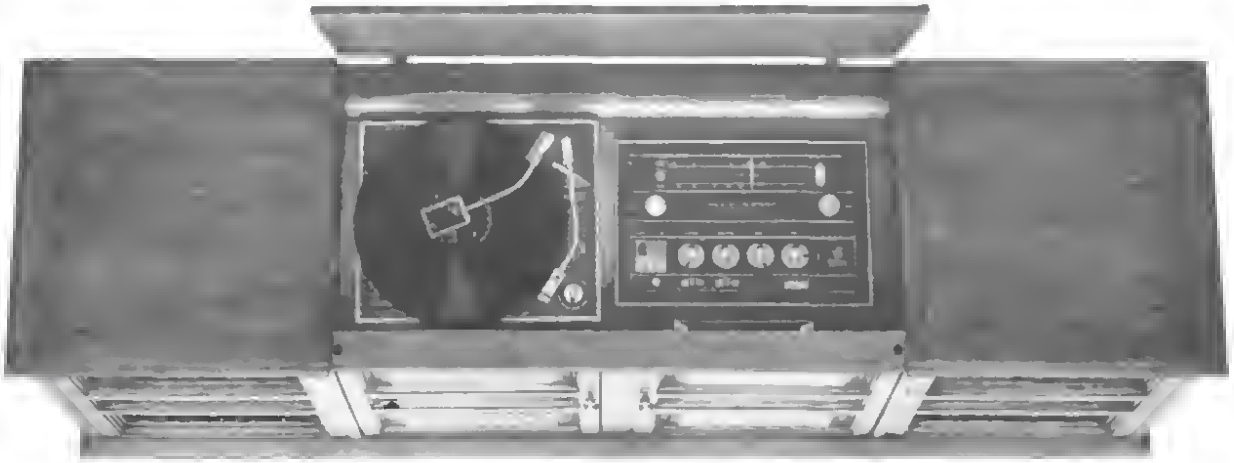
Spring is the time those fuzzy-minded philanthropists, the team owners, contemplate their prospects. Not the prospects of the team, their *own* prospects. Team owners can be seen in the stands at exhibition games. On their laps can be seen detailed atlases. The owners are marking cities therein with little flags labeled "possible," "next" and "after next." There's nothing like fresh spring air, unexploited territories, natural greed and a transient franchise to beguile oneself with during a no-count "laugher" on the field. Also in the stands can be seen various civic groups, from diverse environs, with binoculars trained on the owner's pin hand. Groups from franchiseless towns slobber with eternal hope, bent under loads of sacrificial offerings such as new stadium plans, tax exemptions and land grants. Groups from the currently franchised city are accompanied by batteries of lawyers.

This nomadic nature of our objects of worship becomes the crucible in which many beliefs are tested. I am told that there is a prophet in Philadelphia who can be seen wandering the streets in the still of the day, and the stiller of the Philadelphia night, bearing a tattered banner on which is sewn the legend "Save the A's." Lives of holy men have never been a cinch.

But this is all beside the point. It *is* spring. They are getting ready. They *will* play again. And it won't be until early July that some heretic wonders aloud whether the Eastern Division of the National Football League can win more than one game from the Western Division this coming fall.

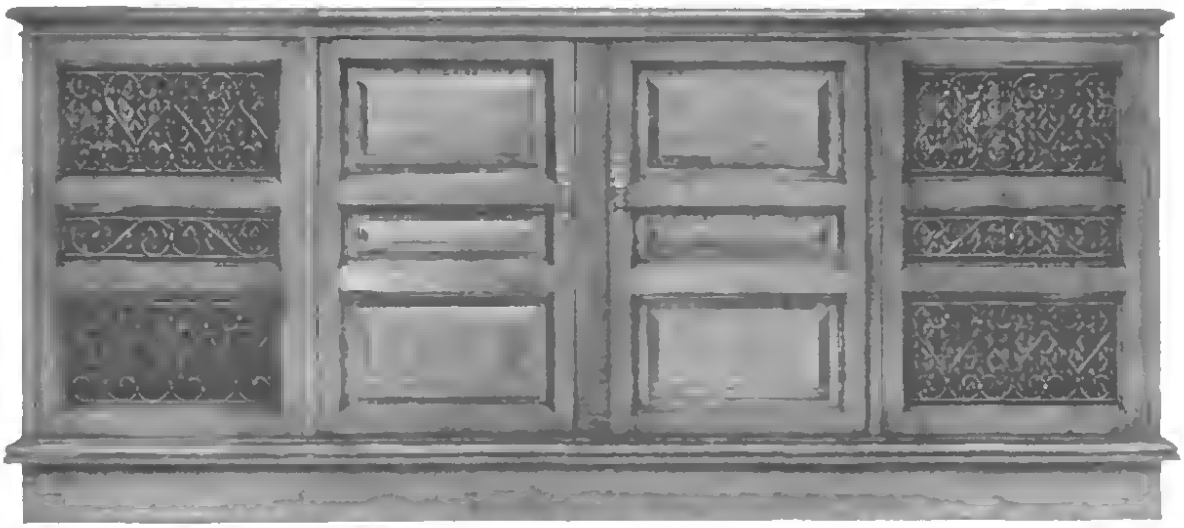
—ARNOLD ROTH

He gets superb stereo equipment.



She gets a new credenza.

Model shown: RC 7836 BPN



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Without one extra wire!

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The answer to everything. You'll find it in 39 stereo consoles and stereo/television combinations, most with Porta-Fi option, a number with tape, too. Priced from under $150 to over $1,000**, only at your General Electric dealer.

*Trademark for diamonds manufactured by the General Electric Company

**Price optional with dealer; subject to Fair Trade where applicable

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILLINOIS

The nine American skiers in ten-gallon hats at the World University Games made more points in the diplomatic arena and in the orange-bowling contest than they did on Sestriere's fogbound mountains ***by BOB OTTUM***

THE MICKEY MOUSE OLYMPICS

About that $15,000. Write it off as tax money well spent. Try not to demand something tangible for it, like a lot of gold medals. Or silver medals, or bronze medals. Clear your mind of all crass thoughts about how America blew the World University Winter Games a fortnight ago in Italy. And repeat after us: the spaghetti Olympics were held for fun and international understanding, not for sports profit.

The student games were conducted high in the Italian Alps, in Sestriere, a community of vivid contrasts at 6,675 feet. It is so lost in fog at times that even the Italians can't find it. At other times it is a town of lovely shops and *pensiones* and an air of 1933 elegance. Beautiful women abound in Sestriere—they ski by day and reappear each night dressed in Ginger Rogers' old evening *continued*

THERESA OBRECHT OF SWITZERLAND, THE BELLE OF THE STUDENT GAMES, SWAPS HEADGEAR WITH MIKE ALLSOP OF DENVER U.

BOWLING ORANGES down the 16-floor spiral ramp of the Duchi d'Aosta Hotel was an après-ski game. Jean Saubert (*left*) its inventor competes with Karen Korbunt and Dave Engen.

gowns. Sestriere is another, an older world. And for the World Games the place was jammed to the ski lifts with hundreds of students from 19 nations, all part of FISU, the International University Sports Federation.

The Russians came in pale-blue parkas and baggy, pre-Bogner ski pants. They were older than everyone else and uncommunicative, as though fearful someone might ask them, "Are you *really* students? What happened, did you get a late start, or something?" The Europeans came in happy clusters, and the Americans came in cowboy hats and Levi's, nine kids on a State Department ticket, the first Americans ever entered in such an event.

There was a tendency to take all this very big in Europe. Radio and television ran wild with it. Newspapers called it beautiful. There was much banner and bunting in Sestriere, and national anthems were played on a scratchy old tape recorder. All the spectators raved about the quality of the competition, which ought to give you an idea of how out of touch Sestriere really is.

To be mercifully brief, the World Games went roughly like this: three women skiers out of 34 split up all the prizes among them. The men's special slalom was won by a Pole—think about that one for a moment—and if you get the impression the race was a wild one you should have heard the Italian announcer try to pronounce Andrzej Bachleda. The Poles were delirious. "Andrzej," his coach said, "hardly ever beats anyone back home."

And over an orangeade in the Duchi d'Aosta Hotel, Switzerland's Theresa Obrecht, most beautiful skiing coed in the whole world, apologized for her sketchy English. But she spoke it well enough to say, flatly, "If you win here, it does not mean you are the best. It means nothing. You Americans describe this sort of thing well. The games are—how you say—the games are Mickey Mouse. But they mean much to international goodwill."

Seen from a Mickey Mouse viewpoint, an attitude that more Americans should adopt overseas to keep their perspective, the games were perfect, staged with a certain innocent, oldtime bravado. "Everything, she is *perfecto*," one official sighed, standing on a mountainside from which the snow was fast melting away, while racers all around him were executing sweeping turns best described as mud Christys across the finish line.

The Nordic events were running simultaneously in Claviere, a one-street border town down the twisting hill from Sestriere. There, the world student championship cross-country races were staged against a backdrop of less than 70 spectators. Most of them were international newsmen, the rest of them Italian housewives standing there in black dresses and aprons, their arms folded stolidly across their stomachs. The competitors swept along a trail that snaked through the village, occasionally sending a clutch of chickens skittering out of the way.

The ski jump was hacked out of a steep hillside forest, the only jumping hill in the world with a slight dog-leg effect in the middle of it. Below, the runout was canted to the left, a situation that so unnerved American jumper Ron Jacobson, 21, that he fell on the landing and ended up in 20th position when he would have had ninth.

The FISU had a tough time getting established, starting as a breakaway group in 1948 from the old International Union of Students, with headquarters in Prague, which had gradually been taken

over by the Communists as more of a propaganda machine than a sports organization. From its early days FISU took on considerable worldly flavor, with both Franco Spain and Communist Yugoslavia as members. Then in 1949 the board invited Monaco to join and—well, you know how translations go—the invitation went to Munich by mistake ("The names looked alike to me," shrugged one FISU officer), and the group began to grow from that point. Monaco finally did make it. Israel came in and the U.S. came in, despite the fact that some congressional critics insisted the group was Red-infiltrated.

"Red-infiltrated?" snorted Adin Talbar, the delegate to the games from Israel. "Saying FISU is Red-infiltrated is like saying the United Nations is Red-infiltrated, since both have members of all political colors."

To get the U.S. team to the event, U.S. National Student Association Sports Director Jim Fowler had gone, ski cap in hand, to the State Department for money. First they gave him a security check, then the $15,000. "And so far I have only spent about $12,000 of it," he said, blinking earnestly from behind horn-rimmed glasses. "We may go back to Washington and give Mr. Rusk some of his money back."

In Sestriere the Duchi Hotel was the swinging spot in town, jammed with collegians who found that they all looked alike in turtle-neck shirts and ski sweaters, that a smile will get you anyplace and that a Watusi is a Watusi in any language. The Duchi is a round, silolike hotel. On the inside there are no staircases, but a spiraling, circular ramp that runs all the way to the top.

"My big ambition in life," said 20-year-old Mike Allsop, Denver University racer, "is to be a desk clerk in this place and tell someone their room is just around the corner."

In the main dining room the European teams were the ones with bottles of Chianti on their tables—"wine makes you go fast," said one of them—and the Americans were the ones drinking Coca-Cola. But all of them, after meals, were the ones rolling oranges down the spiral ramp from the top—a game invented by Jean Saubert, the University of Utah student who won a silver and a bronze medal at the 1964 Olympics, but who had more fun in Sestriere. An orange rolled down the ramp from the top picks up considerable speed, and the main floor often looked as if someone had dropped the marmalade.

At the Club La Genzianella, a place so dimly lighted it seemed as though darkness were being pumped in through the air conditioner, the band hammered out tea-dance tunes. Racers who had told their coaches they were going to take afternoon naps were jumping up and down, furthering world understanding and flat feet.

Any girl who can roll oranges, is pretty and skis well is an instant success in Italy, and Saubert, in cowboy hat and faded tan jeans, caught the Sestriere eye. One handsome young Italian racer, full of white teeth and amorous intent, began sneaking away from his team practice to seek out Jean on the hill. Then he began to seek her out in the afternoon at the dances, and every evening, after the wine.

"If I have learned one thing here in Italy," explained Jean, "it is how to sprint for my room with this guy hot on my heels, and how to open, close and lock my door with one smooth, fast

continued

ANNIE FAMOSE spent her days winning medals for France, her evenings cuddled up in bed with her collection of stuffed-animal mascots, including a telephone-talking teddy bear.

motion. Boy, you have got to be fast." Such is the path of world diplomacy.

"They sort of want to tuck you in at night," said Karen Korfanta, another Utah student, full of spaghetti and oranges, ten-gallon hat tilted sleepily down over her eyes.

In this setting U.S. Coach Willy Schaeffler kept insisting that the students race. In the week's opening event, the ladies' special slalom ("The first half you couldn't ski; the second half you couldn't see," explained Saubert), both Jean and Karen were disqualified. Annie Famose, 21-year-old gymnast student from Bordeaux, took enough time off from play to win the race. Then she picked up her teddy bear and got right back on the phone again, calling people all over the hotel. "We make the crazy jokes," she said. The teddy bear, dressed in its own French ski sweater and T shirt, would say, "Do you love me?" in French.

In the slalom won by Bachleda, Allsop ran fifth—his first run in world competition. Peter Ruschp, son of Stowe's Sepp Ruschp and a student at Colorado U., spilled on the ice and decided not to take a second run. "I need the time to practice for the downhill," he said, sitting at the bar in the Duchi drinking orange juice. "And that slope is so bad it just doesn't seem worthwhile going back up there to run it again."

"If we had our first team here," said Schaeffler, "we could have cleaned up. But cleaning up is not the point here, you see? Our first team—Billy Kidd and the others—was already committed to one European swing, and we could not schedule them for both events. These kids need this international experience."

Two days later, skiing in a stinging Alpine rainstorm, Saubert was a strong second behind Theresa Obrecht and ahead of Heidi Ohrecht and Annie Famose. Karen Korfanta finished fifth and American stock came up in Sestriere.

As the week came to an end, it began to snow like the end of the world, so thickly that by midday people were walking over the rooftops of parked Fiats. And racers in the men's giant slalom final event were stopping in midcourse to look for the next gate.

"Is grand," officials exclaimed, then ran the race as though there were still a course. But it fitted in nicely with the mood of the week.

Mike Allsop, who had finished second in the men's downhill, fell. Peter Ruschp fell. Dave Engen, also a Utah student, stayed on his feet, lurching from gate to gate, coming across the finish line like a snow-covered ghost.

By Sunday night's closing ceremonies, with flags being raised on standards nobody could see, officials still were trying to dope out the results. Their best guess: Robert Wolleck of France seemed to have won the race. That is, it *looked* a lot like Wolleck at the finish. The Pole Bachleda was second and Italy's Luigi Pezza was third.

And Sestriere eased back into its role as an Italian ski hideaway. The music at the Duchi and La Genzianella grew quiet again, as it had been before. At the Principi di Piemonte Hotel on the hill overlooking town, the guests went back to playing bridge at night as they always have, and in one room off the lobby there were movies, with the projector operated by a bellboy. The night the kids left town, the hotel was showing the latest film to come up the valley from Turin. It was in keeping with the surroundings: old Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in *Via Col Vento*. **END**

SESTRIERE WITH ITS ROUND HOTELS WAS TURNED INTO A KIND OF POLYGLOT WINTER CARNIVAL BY 800 STUDENTS

Let's salvo those convertibles right off the map. You know the kind. The puffed up convertibles with the puffed up price tags. The kind that makes you glad Coronet 500 came along. Coronet's slim and trim. Neat and nifty. Personable. Engagingly attractive. With a big choice of power—from a brisk Six to a go-hummer of a 426 cubic inch Hemi V8. And that's enough to blow most other convertibles right out of the water. But the Coronet 500 convertible, for all that, carries a sweetly reasonable price tag. You don't like convertibles? We've other Coronets, too. Sedans, wagons, hardtops, the works. Now at your Dodge Dealer's.

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JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Open fire on ho-hum convertibles.

Open up a Dodge Coronet 500.

Photographed at the Emerald Beach Hotel, Nassau. *Reg. T.M. for DuPont's polyester fibre

By jet, Chrysler or horse-and-buggy, Bob Hope is the world's travelingest man. Wherever he goes, he arrives looking well-dressed and well-pressed. Bob's travel tip: wear Summer Sharkskin. It's a Viracle fabric.

This tropical-weight sharkskin is a crisp blend of Dacron* and worsted. Airy and comfortable. Shakes off wrinkles. Keeps its shape through steamiest days. You stay cool; your suit stays neat.

Credit Hart Schaffner & Marx tailors with a skillful assist. For example, flip a lapel forward with your fingers. See how it snaps back, lies flat. Stays that way permanently because of row upon row of interloop stitching inside. As a result—the look you buy is the look you keep.

If you're planning to go places, take a hint from Bob Hope. You'll find travel's a breeze in a Summer Sharkskin suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Because no money was promised, **Cassius Clay** turned down a request that he don a leopard skin and ride an elephant in a Miami production of *Aïda*, explaining: "I love the opera, but I am a practical man." But only three days later came what looked like another impractical proposition: his country reclassified him 1-A. "Why me?" Clay wailed. "I have no quarrel with those Viet Congs." For that Clay landed in a squabble with the governor of Illinois who threatened to cancel Chicago's Clay-Terrell title fight.

Last year she picked a 100-to-8 winner, and for this year's Grand National her choice is Carrickbeg (one current price: 200 to 1). Routine, really, for **Melanie Bartley**, daughter of Actress Deborah Kerr, who writes a horse-racing column for her student newspaper at Reading University, near London. "I study form and mix it up with some feminine intuition," says Melanie, who is 18. Ever make random guesses with a pin? "Never. This is too serious a business."

Those were fine-looking steelhead that Comedian **Dick Gregory** was clutching (*below*), but he didn't get any laughs after he was arrested by Washington state conservation officers for fishing with a net. That, presumably, was part of his plan to dramatize the issue involving an 1854 treaty between the Nisqually Indians and the Federal Government. On one side (with Gregory as an ally) are those Indians who say the treaty allows them an ancestral right to fish anywhere, anyhow. On the other side is the state, holding that the treaty applies only to reservation waters. In between stand the neutral Indians—the "Uncle Tomahawks," as they are being called.

New Zealand's Communist Party was shivered to its timbers by leaders swinging out of China's orbit and into Russia's, but the man credited with masterminding the international upheaval diverted public notice with a fishing rod. While driving through the Canterbury countryside, Soviet Minister (and occasional mountaineer) **Boris Dorofeev** came across a dead opossum in the road. Stopping, he took a hair from the corpse, tied it to a hook with a fluff of red darning wool, cast it into a nearby lake and landed a five-pound trout, which he fried for lunch. Politics aside, for sports-loving New Zealanders Dorofeev's feat made him the man of the hour.

Athletics and dancing are brothers under the skin, said **Gene Kelly** in Manhattan, and, as he found out years ago, where one doesn't work the other may. In any event, the guys who got the attention at Peabody High in Pittsburgh, Kelly discovered, were the actors in the school plays, not the pint-size second-string halfback on the football team. So Kelly, giving up the game (and a semipro hockey career as well), learned to do a buck-and-wing, "and they all thought it was nifty." Surely there was also an inner impulse to dance for the sheer love of it? Not at all, said Gene. "It was just a way to meet girls."

Under the new Lindsay administration, New York City's cumbersome recreation programs are in for massive overhaul, and one visionary scheme for improvement is an annual Youth Olympics for teen-age children sponsored by New York and other interested cities in the nation. A great idea, but can anyone make it work? A number are willing to try, among them **Wilt Chamberlain, Bus Mosbacher, Chuck McKinley** and **José Torres**, who, along with nine other prominent athletes, have volunteered their services to the mayor's new Sports Commission.

New Mexico's outnumbered Republicans are itching for **Don Perkins** of the Dallas Cowboys to run for the state house of representatives. The halfback's teammates are urging him not to. "They don't think my running for office this fall would hurt the team," says Perkins. "They're just worried about me. What they say is, 'Stay out of that kind of scrimmage.' "

Trigger was loafing in the barn in California, and **Roy Rogers**, working on a television circus show in North Carolina, was making do with a Lipizzan stallion from Vienna. Though most of them are mannerly to a fault, this Viennese took instant exception to Roy's spurs, reared and flipped him off onto the seat of his pants in full view of thousands of disbelieving children. Whispered Dale Evans as her husband, despurred, climbed back aboard: "Be careful, honey."

The only way to play on a U.S. Ryder Cup team is to be a "class A" member of the PGA, and the only way to reach that elevated position is to serve a five-year apprenticeship—or a four-year apprenticeship plus a week's attendance at a PGA business school. **Jack Nicklaus**, with four years on the professional tour behind him, has taken the latter option. He enrolled the other day in a PGA school (*below*) in San Antonio. Emerging from five mornings and afternoons of lectures in Turf Management and Golf Course Design, Press Relations, Golf Cart Operation and Policies, and Personal Appearance and Conduct, Nicklaus was moved to say: "I take pride in my professional organization, and I want to be a full citizen in its activities."

TENNIS / *Joe Jares*

Charlito moves to the head of the class

Charlie Pasarell has been a name for the future for so long that the name was beginning to seem pretty old. But his victory in the national indoors indicates that at last the future has arrived

TRIM AS A TIGER, winner Pasarell stands poised on his toes, ready to return service.

It was Arthur Ashe himself who said it. "Charlie plays as well as I do," he admitted. "It's just that I get more attention because I'm a Negro." Charlie is Charles Pasarell, sometimes known as Charlito, a husky, good-looking Puerto Rican youth of 22 who, along with Ashe, attends UCLA. For the past year Pasarell has indeed been edged out of the spotlight by Ashe. At Forest Hills last summer Pasarell beat Australia's No. 2 man, Fred Stolle, in three straight sets, but that feat was overshadowed when Ashe beat Roy Emerson, the No. 1 man. Pasarell had also beaten Emerson —twice, in fact— but those victories were at smaller tournaments and therefore received less publicity.

This fall, while Ashe was making more headlines by winning four tournaments during his tour of Australia, Pasarell remained at UCLA to study and practice. Then, two weeks ago, Charlito made his move. Playing at the Philadelphia Invitational, Pasarell beat Mexico's Rafael Osuna and Jan-Erik Lundquist to reach the finals. There across the net was Ashe. Pasarell won in four sets, then joined his college teammate to win the doubles.

Still, Philadelphia was just another small tournament. But last week in Salisbury, Md. Pasarell won a big one, the National Indoor Championship, a tournament that included most of the game's top players, Ashe among them. In winning, Charlie Pasarell proved he is ready to stand alongside Ashe, Emerson and Santana as one of the best amateurs in the world.

It took Charlito a while to get there. Four years ago people were calling Charles Manuel Pasarell Jr. handsome, wealthy and possessing the strokes and serve of a potential world-beater the greatest import from Puerto Rico since rum. At the age of 18 he was ranked No. 10 in the U.S., the first player from the island commonwealth ever to win adult national ranking. But, admittedly "a little too anxious" and "expecting too much too soon," he stayed on the same rung the following year and at 20 slipped back to No. 12. He did well on the UCLA varsity but had to play second-racket to teammate Ashe when both were juniors, then voluntarily sat out a year a tennis red shirt as Ashe won the collegiate title. He was on the 1964 Davis Cup squad but did not get to play. Though he had some big wins, he was upset just as often. "Charlie's always been just on the fringe," said Davis Cup Captain George MacCall.

Pasarell recognizes that he has been inconsistent in the past and now proclaims himself a reformed man. "I've decided the only thing for me to do is play every match as if my opponent is champion of the world," he said early in the Salisbury tournament. "That's what I'm determined to do. I am fed up with winning big matches and losing the little ones. I've beaten just about everybody. Trouble is, I've lost to just about everybody, too.

"I'm inclined to be lazy and not prepare for matches that don't seem tough to me. I might stay up the night before or I might go out and play golf that morning. I was reading an article about Sandy Koufax. He said he would feel terrible if he lost a game because of something he did the night before. He wouldn't feel so bad if it was something that happened during the game. I guess he makes a heck of a lot of sense."

Charlito and his opponent in the finals at Salisbury, Ron Holmberg, himself a distinct surprise, had at least two things in common. Holmberg, 28, also was once a boy wonder of the tennis world and also was criticized for being lackadaisical. Now balding and forced to wear glasses indoors, Holmberg has a jiggly potbelly that makes him look at least 35. If tennis had musical accompaniment, as figure skating does, his theme would have to be *Babr Elephant Walk*. But he makes up for the overload of lard with a delicate volleying touch and a big serve, plus the ability to anticipate where his

opponent will hit the ball. He is like the aging shortstop who hangs on by knowing where to play the batters.

If Pasarell was determined to make himself a more dedicated campaigner and win a Davis Cup berth, Holmberg had his strong motivations, too. He said he had been discriminated against because he had refused to "kowtow" to the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

"I would have liked to have gone to Australia with the fellows last year, but they didn't ask me and I'm sure not going to ask them," he said before the final. "They took five players ranked below me. I think the USLTA has something against me. They dropped me from sixth to ninth in the rankings this year without any cause. I'm going to play the circuit all year—Wimbledon and everything. Maybe I'll do so well they can't ignore me. I'd love to win here and I'd like to win at Forest Hills."

To reach the finals at Salisbury's modern Wicomico Youth and Civic Center (where Player Frank Froehling's pretty blonde wife caused more heads to swivel than any match), Pasarell and Holmberg had to pick their way through a litter of fallen gladiators. Lundquist of Sweden, the defending champion and one of the best indoor players in the world, lost to National Junior Champion Bob Lutz, only 18 years old. Manolo Santana of Spain, who won at Forest Hills last year, lost to New York Attorney Gene Scott. A 20-year-old Brazilian lefty, Tomaz Koch, knocked out Dennis Ralston and Osuna. And Ashe was eliminated by South Africa's Cliff Drysdale in the quarter-finals.

Of course, the finalists had to do some of their own hatchet work, too. Pasarell beat teen-ager Lutz in the quarters, but Lutz sort of expected it. "His forehand is real strong," he said before the match, "and he has a real tough serve. That will be my main difficulty, trying to return that thing." It proved too difficult. In the semis Saturday, with Davis Cup Captain MacCall in the stands, Charlie met giant killer Koch. He beat him despite a lapse in concentration in the third set, 6–3, 8–6, 5–7, 10–8. He had 19 aces and explained later, "I can hit about five or six different serves now and I've got confidence in all of them, spins and slices and the big bomb."

Holmberg's path was more dangerous. Against Gene Scott, the man who had ousted Santana, he won the first set 6–4 but took forever to win the second 18–16. But reporters who expected to find a tired, paunchy player in the locker room were surprised. Instead they found a *fresh*, paunchy player. "I'm just in shape," he said with no hint of humor. His semifinal with Cliff Drysdale, ranked No. 4 in the world, was another marathon and twice as scary. But Holmberg won 6–2, 2–6, 6–2, 5–7, 6–4. "I'm not that tired," he insisted afterward.

The final match was played Sunday. It was a festive day in Salisbury, a friendly hamlet of less than 20,000 people who still cannot believe they stole the national indoors from New York City three years ago. Few out-of-town visitors could disagree, however, that the Civic Center was a vast improvement over the old site, a Manhattan armory illuminated by a few candles and Edison's original light bulb. All week long the town gazette had touted the tournament with a red-ink banner headline on page one. Tourney Chairman Bill Riordan, a transplanted New Yorker who prefers to be identified as a "Salisbury retailer" rather than a dress store owner, supplied the players with 1966 convertibles and a masseur. But Sunday was the capper, with so many folks out in their finery that Frank Froehling's wife walked in almost unnoticed.

PUDGY AS A PANDA, loser Holmberg crouches to volley at mid court. Though overweight and, at 28, overaged, Holmberg played some of the best tennis of his stormy career to reach the finals.

Unfortunately, the folks in their finery were a lot more exciting than the tennis, which proved to be one of those booming battles of the big serve—*crash, slam, crack*. Pasarell won in straight sets, but they were long sets, 12–10, 10–8, 8–6. The last one might have been longer, too, had it not been for a sudden collapse by Holmberg. Losing 7–6 and needing a service break to stay in the match, Holmberg looked for a moment as if he would achieve it. He won three straight points, then, just as quickly, lost five straight, and Charlito had his first major victory.

One of the first to reach Pasarell's side after the match was George MacCall, smiling like a man who has just found out where they keep the money hidden. In his first season as Davis Cup captain, MacCall went against Spain with a team made up of names like Ralston, Froehling and Graebner, and he was beaten. This year you can bet that some of those names will be changed. **END**

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A nice guy who learned to be troublesome

Long a mainstay and now the star of the driving Detroit Red Wings, conscientious Norm Ullman used to be so modest that nobody, not even Norm Ullman himself, realized how good a hockey player he actually is

Things are different these days around Olympia Stadium in Detroit, and it's not just the new seats they put in the balcony or the houses they tore down on Hooker Street. The difference is that the Red Wings are seriously pressing for their second straight National Hockey League championship, and nothing like that has happened since *Unchained Melody* was No. 1 on the hit parade. If Detroit's fans can't get into the stadium when the team's in town, they stay home by the radio, because nobody wants to miss a single score.

Since the great days when Coach Sid Abel was playing alongside Terrible Ted Lindsay and indestructible Gordie Howe, the Wings have mostly been content to finish just high enough to make the Stanley Cup playoffs. Sometimes they didn't even get that high. When they did, it was Howe who put them there. At 37, Gordie is still quite capable of muscling the Red Wings into the playoff singlehanded, and he could probably do the same thing for even the lowly New York Rangers or the Boston Bruins. But finishing No. 1 is something else again, and now that the Red Wings have had a taste of first place they don't want to settle for less. Their attitude as a team is summed up in the person of a once comparatively obscure team member named Norman Ullman.

For 10 years Norm Ullman impressed people around the National Hockey League as being a "real nice guy," a "hard worker" and a "hustler." He was competent, industrious, ambitious and never really bothered anybody. He got a big goal now and then and he got his share of assists, but the only time you really noticed Ullman was when he was assailed by some big defenseman on the other team. Unadorned competence, however, doesn't win championships. You do that by scoring goals—lots of goals—like Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita and Gordie Howe, who's in his 20th year of it. And Rocket Richard. Last year Norm Ullman suddenly started to score goals and Detroit suddenly won a championship. And now everybody—well, nearly everybody—wants to know what it is about Norm Ullman, and how he got that way.

Because Ullman has suddenly become one of the four (along with Hull, Howe and Mikita) best persons in the world at slipping a puck behind a goaltender, the Detroit Red Wings are once again riding high. King Clancy, assistant general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs and a man who knows his hockey, accords Gordie Howe the respect due a saint. But recently Clancy crossed himself against the heresy he was about to speak and said the Red Wings could remain contenders without Howe but certainly not without Ullman. "Right now I would say that Ullman is the player the Red Wings depend upon most," mused the King. "Certainly they would miss him more than Howe. I've said for years that Ullman is a great hockey player, and I think this year he's better than ever. Hell, he *has* to be great. They moved him from center to left wing to get out of a slump, and there wasn't a better left winger in the league."

There were many experts around at the end of last season who thought that the Red Wings' first-place finish and Ullman's own scoring spree were just flukes. And, when this season first got under way, the Wings did little to dispel the notion. They won only three of their first 15 games, and Coach Abel was in a somber mood one night in Boston as he walked, chin in hand, among his players. It was only a minute before game time when he stepped over to Ullman and said, "Norm, tonight you will play left wing." Abel might as well have told the team he was sending Howe to Pittsburgh for more seasoning. Center Ullman had never played left wing before in his whole life. "They needed a shock," Abel said in explanation. "They'd been playing rotten hockey."

So Ullman, a quiet man who never complains, went out and played left wing for the next 15 games. He felt "terrible." As a center he was used to charging deep into the opposing zone, breaking up plays before they got organized

continued

ULLMAN FACES OFF AGAINST STAN MIKITA

and feeding broken and intercepted passes to his wingmen. At his new position he had to discipline himself to follow an assigned man.

"Boy, I forgot a few times and it cost us some goals," said Ullman. But it didn't cost the Red Wings as much as it cost the opposition. In those 15 games Ullman scored eight goals and 15 assists to give Detroit 13 wins. The three-man combination of Ullman, Howe and Alex Delvecchio piled up 26 goals and 40 assists and, with the speed of a Bobby Hull slap shot, the Wings rose to third place.

By late December Abel felt he had better break up this winning combination because, as he put it, "They're our three best scorers and we had all our eggs in one basket with them playing on the same line." Ullman returned to his old spot as center for Floyd Smith and Paul Henderson. The wiseacres sat back and waited for the Red Wing slump to set in again. They were instantly disappointed. From his center position Ullman popped in 10 more goals in the next eight games to put Detroit right back on top of the league. Ever since then Detroit's standing and Ullman's scoring have been as closely matched as a set of Arnie Palmer irons.

Recently, wearing a white tab-collar shirt, black blazer and gray slacks, Ullman sat at a corner table of a bustling coffee shop in Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel, talking and worrying about a current scoring slump, which had, at that time, reached six games. Ullman smiles rarely, and almost never around strangers. Looking solemn and nervously tapping his knife on a napkin, he said, "It's weird. Last year when I got to 24 goals I hit a slump and didn't score for seven games. Now I've got 24 again." The slump reached nine games before it ended against the Rangers in Detroit on February 10. Of those nine games the Wings won only three, lost three and tied three, slipping from first place to third. At long last Norm scored again, beating Ranger Goalie Cesare Maniago for his 25th tally. The Red Wings went on to win the game 6–2, and climbed right back into a first-place tie with the Chicago Black Hawks. "That's the way it's been going," said a team member of Ullman's success. "When he's hot we win; when he's not we either tie or lose."

The rest of the league has found this out, too, and they do their best to strong-arm him from the front of the net to reduce the number of shots he gets from in close. "Last year I was hardly checked at all," says Ullman. "I think everybody thought I would cool off sooner or later. But this year it's been murder. I don't think they've actually assigned a man to trail me like we do Hull, but I know I'm being checked much, much closer."

"Norm is a hard-working hockey player," says Red Kelly of the Maple Leafs. "He is on you all the time. And he is getting better, because where he used to try to beat you all by himself, now he passes at just the right time."

Phil Esposito, the fine young center of the Black Hawks, says: "Ullman goes into the corner with the idea he's going to come away with the puck. It's simply the power of positive thinking." Esposito's teammate Chico Maki would rather not comment because he doesn't want anyone on another team to know how good he (Maki) thinks they are. Privately, however, Maki thinks Ullman is "terrific" and he's "so smart" the puck "seems to stick to him." Bobby Hull says, "Ullman's concentration is what makes him great."

Perhaps the finest tribute to Norm, however, was that paid by Montreal Coach Toe Blake, who loses real sleep over him. "That man is a mystery to me," says Blake. "He is not all that fast and sometimes I don't even know he is there. I sure don't expect him to be. And then the loudspeaker announces "goal by Ullman" or "assist by Ullman" and I know he *was* there all the time. I don't know how he does it. If I knew, I'd stop him. All I do know is he has been poison for us."

There are other Red Wings besides Norm Ullman, players like young Roger Crozier, the 23-year-old goalie, Defensemen Bill Gadsby and Doug Barkley, whose recent injury was a major tragedy for the team, Team Captain and Center Alex Delvecchio and, of course, Gordie Howe. But unassuming Norm Ullman is suddenly the force that is adding lift to these Wings.

The way modest Norm puts it is, "I know they don't expect me to get 40 goals again this year, but if I don't score or get my share I get the feeling we could be in trouble." **END**

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It takes a lot of ham to make a show dog

You never expect to win here, and you're never ready when it happens," said Mrs. Walter Bunker of Pebble Beach, Calif. at New York's Madison Square Garden last week while her husband darted out through the crowded building to look for an uncrowded bar where he could set up drinks for congratulatory friends. The Bunkers' pert wire fox terrier, Biddy, otherwise known as Ch. Zeloy Moorcmaides Magic, sketched on the spot (*left*) by Artist Allan Mardon, had just been tagged the very best of the 2,557 dogs at the 90th Westminster Kennel Club show. Biddy's upset victory, achieved in large part by the skillful showmanship of her handler, Jimmy Butler, climaxed 30 years of breeding and showing by Mrs. Bunker. Butler himself had worked with the little terrier for two and a half years. "We've lived together," he said in a rich Yorkshire burr. "I know the bitch, and she knows me. It's that simple. She was tired, but she gave all she had."

Biddy won out over five other group winners (*above*), at least one of whom accomplished an upset victory even more surprising than that of the little wire. The huge, bearlike Old English sheepdog, Ch. Fezziwig Raggedy Andy (SI, March 1, 1965), beat out two preshow favorites to become only the third dog of his breed in the history of the Westminster to win the working group. Like the other finalists—the miniature poodle Ch. Round Table Cognac, the Afghan Ch. Sahadi Shikari, the little Maltese Ch. Aennchens Poona Dancer and the Irish setter Ch. Blaneywood Country Squire—Andy went down to ultimate defeat like a true showman. But then all the dogs at the Westminster were hams at heart, with maybe one exception. Reveille Defender was named the best mastiff in the show largely because he was the *only* mastiff in the show. But, according to his master, this victory cost him plenty. Defender lost at least eight pounds each day that he had to stay at the Garden. He hates dog shows.

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by
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Back in the nineties, transportation in the South was scarce, and my Uncle John, a traveling man, often rode any way he could.

One evening he missed the Southern out of Somerset, Kentucky, but persuaded the engineer of a passing freight to let him ride the cab. Climbing aboard, too, was a farm boy who was taking his first trip by train.

Here the Southern winds through Sloan's Valley, headed for the Cumberlands. Perched in the cab, swaying from side to side and scared out of his wits, the new traveler gazed ahead at an approaching tunnel. As it came closer and closer, he clutched the engineer's arm and yelled, "For God's sake, Cap'n, *don't miss that hole!*"

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon
86.8 and Bonded 100 Proof

BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Solution of a travel problem

Getting there, as the Cunard agents say, is half the fun, and nobody has reason to know this better than tournament bridge players—in more ways than one. Since the first world team championship was held in Bermuda in 1950, that British island has become one of the favorite sites for major bridge events. Players like to go there. Although the recent Bermuda regional championship was preceded by a record snowstorm on the U.S. East Coast, this did not stop 500 competitors who persisted through airport delays and braved icy runways to arrive in time for the first deal.

Determination, however, will not solve all of a bridge player's transportation troubles. Here is a hand from that Bermuda tournament in which the whole problem is finding a way to get to the dummy. It is a bridge equivalent of holding a ticket on a grounded airplane.

South was my old friend Sonny Moyse, editor of *The Bridge World* magazine. His opening two-club bid was artificial and strength-showing. North's two-diamond response was also artificial, indicating a hand of less than one ace and one king or three kings in high-card values. The fact that North had a diamond suit was coincidental.

South's rebid of two no trump announced a balanced hand with a point-count limitation of 23 or 24. As most experts play the opening two-club bid, it is forcing only to two no trump or three of a major if partner has a worthless hand. North's hand was easily worth a raise to three no trump, but South's weakness, the lack of a third diamond, was going to make it extremely difficult to succeed at that contract.

Fortunately for declarer, West opened a low spade. This is the correct lead from such a holding, although leading a spade honor would have defeated this contract.

South won with the 10 and began looking for a way to get three diamond tricks. He led a low club to dummy's jack. East took this with the queen of clubs and returned his last spade, won by South's king. The king and queen of diamonds were cashed, and South led a club toward dummy, hoping that the 10 would get him to the diamond ace. However, East killed dummy's 10 with the ace and shifted to the 9 of hearts. Declarer won with the ace, noting that West signaled with the 7.

Next South cashed the king of clubs and got the bad news that he would be unable to win another club trick. A recount showed three spades, two hearts,

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ 9 4
♥ 5 2
♦ A 9 8 6 3 2
♣ J 10 8

WEST
♠ Q J 7 6 5 2
♥ Q 10 7 3
♦ 7
♣ 6 2

EAST
♠ 8 3
♥ 9 8 6
♦ J 10 5 4
♣ A Q 9 4

SOUTH
♠ A K 10
♥ A K J 4
♦ K Q
♣ K 7 5 3

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
2 ♣	PASS	2 ♦	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 6 of spades

one club and only two diamonds, still one short of his bid unless South could get to dummy's diamond ace.

At this point Moyse made the vital play. He led the jack of hearts. A low heart lead would have allowed East to win the trick, cash his high club and get out with his last heart, leaving South with a second heart trick to lose. But the jack of hearts play pinned the lead on West, who won with the queen and returned a spade, with East discarding a diamond. Moyse won the trick, cashed the king of hearts to remove East's last card in that suit and then led his last club to put East in and solve the transportation problem. East had to win and give North the game by leading to the ace of diamonds.

END

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by Jonathan Rhoades

CONTINUED

Grandfather took up bird watching when his doctor told him he needed "an outside interest," whatever *that* meant. There are vogues and fads in doctor work, too, and in those days any elderly patient with an untreatable ailment like headache or melancholy was likely to be told that he needed activity: "Don't just sit around the house all day, get out there and take an interest!" Grandfather had been sitting around the house for several months now, brooding and sulking, ever since they took his baseball team away from him. After his retirement as head of the English department at Waparanic Falls Junior High, Grandfather had poured his life's blood into that team. Three afternoons a week he had them working out, kids 6 to 10 years old, practicing sign-stealing and catcher's interference and learning how to bunt against a doctored infield. Mother always said that Grandfather's rapport with the little kids came from the fact that "he's 75 going on 9!" Personally, I felt it was because Grandfather talked to the boys the way a slightly older boy would talk, minus all the patronizing baloney we would get from other adults. "Look, Alberti," Grandfather would say to a lazy shortstop, "if you don't want to move your fanny why don't you just drag it off the field?" When a first baseman would circle and circle under a pop-up and then watch it bounce 10 feet behind him, Grandfather would say, "That was very nicely done, Mr. Nijinsky. Now what's your next number, the minuet?"

You might think that a manager with a sarcastic tongue like Grandfather's would be disliked by some of his players, but not so. Grandfather gave out cookies and pop, which he took from my mother's pantry. Also, the boys learned words and expressions from Grandfather that they would not normally have picked up till they took woodshop in the seventh grade under Mr. MacPherson. And anyway, Grandfather's vicious vocabulary came in handy at game time. The umpire would call, "Ball one!" on our pitcher, and Grandfather's foghorn voice would be heard all over the neighborhood calling out a reference to the ump's disgusting dietary habits. "Ball two!" the ump would say, and Grandfather would accuse him of performing bizarre physical feats. On "Ball three!" Grandfather would cup his hands to his mouth and make a public charge that there was a canine in the ump's family tree. After this how many umps do you think would call a ball four on our pitchers?

The whole trouble was that Grandfather got himself too wrought up, too personally involved. He would take the losses home with him, and late at night we would hear him crying out from his attic room in his sleep: "The infield fly rule? The *infield fly rule*? You have the guts to call the infield fly rule on a little kid? Why, you —— !" The next morning he would come to breakfast all red-eyed and pasty-faced, and he would sit there and stare at his food and answer in one-syllable words that made it plain that he didn't want to talk. After two or three seasons of this the family doctor told Grandfather that he would have to hang up his spikes. The old man took it hard; he stayed in his room for a couple of weeks, just coming out for meals and baths. He perked up a little at the news that his team had lost four straight games in his absence, but a two-game winning streak sent him down in the dumps again. This was when the doctor told him to look for outside interests, anything but managing an athletic team.

Thus began a long procession of hobbies. Grandfather made airplane models, or at least he started them; he never finished any that I know of. He'd lose interest in the Monocoupe he was working on and start a Stinson Reliant, grow tired of that and start a Luscombe Phantom. Then he began brandying. In an unused room in the basement he set up his pots and his powdered sugars and all the other tools of

Under Grandfather, the boys learned words they would never have picked up till they took shop in seventh grade from Mr. MacPherson.

the brandying trade, and from then on any fruit or vegetable that came into the house was 8 to 5 to wind up in an old Mason jar reeking of booze. Grandfather would thrust these delicacies at us. "Brandied rutabagas!" he would say. "Delicious! Never tasted anything like 'em!"

My mother and father agreed, and they had also never tasted anything like brandied persimmons, brandied beets and brandied grapes. "Father," my father said to him, "nobody brandies grapes! Brandy *comes* from grapes, for cripe sakes!" Grandfather wanted to know what that had to do with it, and accused Father of dealing in "*non sequiturs*."

Mother would take Father aside after these outbursts and remind him that Grandfather was 75 and he was Father's *only* father, after all, and he was merely trying "to play a meaningful role in the family group." (Mother had gone to Smith for two terms and she actually talked like that.) One night Father complained at dinner: "Caroline, I've been eating green olives for 20 years and I keep getting the bad ones." Not long after that Grandfather showed up at the table with his latest creation: brandied olives. "Try one, Harvey," he insisted, but Father said he hadn't been feeling well that day and would beg off. No offense, he was sure the brandied olives were a real treat, could he just take a few upstairs for a bedtime snack?

Grandfather passed out of brandying and into ceramics and burned his shower curtain and melted the soap in his bathroom. He collected stamps for a while till he discovered that a certain freak airmail stamp with the airplane flying upside down was worth $25,000. "I don't intend to encourage a hobby in which imperfection pays a premium," he said in the pompous manner he sometimes affected to show the world he had a command of English superior to Ford Madox Ford's. After that it was butterfly collecting, but he was more interested in the chase than the specimens, as shown by his collection: three picture frames of swallowtails, plus a single gypsy moth.

It seemed as though Grandfather would never hit on an outside activity that could occupy his busy mind. I can see him now, feverishly trying to figure out what outside interest to get interested in. He tried music, but all that really interested him were endings. He would sit quietly while the family listened to a scratchy old phonograph recording of the Prelude to Act III of *Lohengrin*, and as soon as the orchestra began winding up for the ending Grandfather would leap from his chair, stomping his feet waving his arms. The polka and fugue from *Schwanda the Bagpiper* was his favorite piece of music because it ended lustily. The poorest music ever written, according to Grandfather, was the *Unfinished Symphony*, with *Petrouchka* a close second ("it just tails off"). There was a period when he attended the concerts at the Conservatory of Music, where he was always first on his feet with loud bravos, because he knew the exact split-second timing of each ending. But he soon grew bored with this, especially after the night he dozed off during a Brahms concerto, dreamed he was hearing the ending of *Feste romane* and jumped up to shout, "Bravo!" in the middle of a soulful violin solo.

Once, having dozed off during a Brahms concerto, he awoke and leaped to his feet to shout, "Bravo!" in the middle of a soulful violin solo.

There followed a long, pleasant interlude when Grandfather retired to the privacy of his room to exploit his twin areas of knowledge: English and baseball. Breathlessly he announced at dinner: "I am at work on a novel!" To annoy my mother, he gave it the working title *The Captain of the Nine, or a History of Sex in the Nile Delta*. He confided to me that the book was to be for teen-agers and was going to star a kid who was falsely accused of throwing a game, spends the whole book proving his innocence and is cleared just in time for the championship contest, in which he pitches a no-hitter and blasts a four-master in the bottom of the ninth with two out. "Is that plausible, Sonny?" Grandfather would ask me. "How does it strike you as a typical teen-ager?" I would tell him that it certainly rang true to me. In fact, it had rung true in about 40 other books I had read, but I didn't report this to Grandfather.

After a few months of work Grandfather allowed me to inspect the opening chapter, and even I could see that Grandfather was a natural writer, one in a million. He had hit on the clever device of describing his characters by having them look into mirrors. "Jeffrey looked into the mirror on the locker room wall and a handsome, copper-complexioned face looked back. He glanced at the high cheekbones, the straight, strong nose and the light stubble of reddish beard, and . . ." Any character who didn't have a mirror didn't get described. And Grandfather also was excellent at wordplay and puns, which he peppered all through the manuscript. One of his characters was a crooked umpire who had been cashiered from the Navy, fired

continued

from the police department and charged with neglect as a fireman. "He was uniformly unsuccessful," Grandfather wrote. The manager of a baseball team, a man of 5 feet in height and 300 pounds in heft, was "roundly disliked." Grandfather inserted a lettermen's banquet in the story and informed the reader that the entrée was a curry of venison flavored with sauterne, so that it seemed perfectly natural to have one character say, "Please pass the buck," another announce that "one good sauterne deserves another" and a third complain to the cook, "We don't favor your curry." The whole banquet was summed up by the hero, a sharp fellow, as "a fete worse than death." Grandfather, cackling loudly, would show me these mots, and I would be hard pressed to contain my laughter.

Nevertheless, the work in progress was allowed to molder, and Grandfather was running through hobbies again, including the construction of jigsaw puzzles, an HO train layout and a No. 15 chemistry set complete with retorts and an extra bottle of sodium silicate, when one day he hit upon the hobby that he was certain would sustain him for the rest of his life. The Vireo Club, a local group of birders, swept him up in one of their annual membership drives, and

Grandfather threw himself into bird watching with an enthusiasm we hadn't seen since he was forced to give up his baseball career.

Grandfather, in the course of his first meeting as a potential member, was asked to describe his most exciting ornithological moment. "Once I was walking through the woods and I spotted a searlet tanager," Grandfather said. "But he was too quick for me and I couldn't even get a shot off." Later in the meeting he asked for advice from club members on "how can we get rid of a bunch of sparrows that're pestering us to death?" Somehow this blew over, and Grandfather was made a provisional member, with final voting on his application to take place at the next meeting in 30 days.

During the month Grandfather enlisted my aid in compiling his "life list," bird-watcher jargon for the list of all the birds one has ever seen, and we leafed through the guides page by page. Our conversations would go like this:

"Yellow warbler?"

"Yep."

"Sedge wren."

"Is that the little tiny one?"

"Yes."

"Put it on the list."

"Hummingbird?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen plenty of them."

"Where?"

"In the movies."

"In the movies doesn't count."

"Put it down. I know I saw one someplace."

Each week Grandfather and I would visit the Vireo Club's private bird sanctuary, a lovely place of about 100 acres that had been left by a rich member, and on these walks I would see Grandfather transformed right before my eyes into an Ernest Thompson Seton or a Henry David Thoreau.

"Rather strange," he said one day as we strolled past a grove of trees. "Rather strange."

"What's strange?" I asked.

"Why isn't that apple tree bearing this season?"

"Because it's a beech tree," I said as gently as possible.

"Well, everyone's entitled to his own opinion," Ernest Thompson Seton answered.

Later we would make up his sighting reports: "8 robins, 4 starlings, 17 sparrows and a hawk [might have been a buzzard or a pheasant]." I was sure that the club members were stunned by the grandeur of these reports, and by the time the matter was put to a vote Grandfather's earlier blunders were forgotten and he was accepted as a full member, $5 due and payable immediately, thank you very much.

Grandfather threw himself into birding with an enthusiasm we hadn't seen since his baseball career. He studied the bird guides for hours, stashed feeders all over the place, tromped through the club sanctuary almost every day and took as a pet a crippled sea gull that had appeared on our lawn after a thunderstorm. Grandfather fed the bird sardines and crackers dipped in sardine juice, and the gull followed him around like a puppy. There was consternation one night when the gull disappeared, and Grandfather roamed the neighborhood until early in the morning poking his flashlight into all sorts of private places. In the Petersons' backyard he got a light in his own eyes in return, and a challenge from a policeman standing there with drawn pistol. "Whatchew doin' here?" the cop barked.

"My sea gull got away," Grandfather said.

The policeman observed that he hadn't quite got Grandfather.

"I said my sea gull got away."

continued

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MAGAZINES

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"I don't know what you're up to," the cop said, "but you're in violation of Ordinance 347–B, the trespass and privacy statute, and it's my duty to warn you that anything you say—"

"Don't give me that police doggerel!" Grandfather shouted, and bolted over the fence toward our house. He was required to explain everything down at the station house, and his sins were forgiven by a desk sergeant whose total explanation to the other policemen standing around was: "He's a bird watcher."

Anyone who knew Grandfather (or, indeed, who knew our family) could have predicted that such escapades would only bond him closer to his chosen hobby. Soon Grandfather had become one of the most active members of the Vireo Club, explaining to me: "Your Rhoadeses are not a common clan of followers. We are natural leaders." Mother expressed it differently. "Every Rhoades that ever lived," she said, "tries to take over everything. They're like garlic in a casserole."

It was true enough. I was becoming fairly active in the Vireo Club myself in those years, but Grandfather had set himself up as the club's last word. He was particularly tough on grammar and syntax, and would jump to his feet with one of his numerous points of order whenever a fellow member mispronounced a name or used what seemed to Grandfather to be a shoddy construction. One night a member reported the sighting of "two tufted titmice in the sanctuary," and Grandfather was on him in an instant.

"Point of order, Mr. Chairman!" he cried. "Point of order! Mr. Chairman, I wonder if we can't do something about that name."

Oh boy, I thought. Oh boy, oh boy. Grandfather has really done it this time. The chairman raised his gavel and I slumped slowly in my seat as Grandfather went full steam ahead: "I think it is meaningful, Mr. Chairman, that we are referring here to birds, not rodents. Now, the plural of mouse may be mice, Mr. Chairman, but I move that we say 'One tufted titmouse, two tufted tit*mouses*.'"

The chairman let the gavel slip quietly to the podium and informed Grandfather that his quarrel was with Mr. Webster. Would Mr. Rhoades care to dash off a letter to the publisher of the dictionary? Mr. Rhoades certainly would.

Something else that bothered Grandfather was the life-list phenomenon. Every member of the Vireo Club had his own list; every new addition was like a Boy Scout merit badge, and the life lists hung proudly in duplicate on one whole wall of the club's lodge. Grandfather's list, though padded slightly, was still the shortest in the club: after all, he had come to birding late in his career. The longest list belonged to a retired Army captain named Emerson Sharoom, a bloodless, humorless, sallow old man who told Grandfather early in the game that he preferred being addressed as *Captain* Sharoom, which caused Grandfather to sign his sighting reports "Private First Class Rhoades" for several

In the basement of the old house he displayed a watercolor paint set and a couple of old brushes, his improvements on nature

weeks, until Father told him to stop acting like a child. "It's Sharoom that's acting like a child," Grandfather said angrily. "In 30 years in the Army he rose all the way from second lieutenant to first lieutenant to captain, and now he acts like that was a great accomplishment."

What was eating Grandfather was not only the fact that Sharoom's life list was the longest in the club but that everybody looked up to Sharoom as the ultimate authority on any bird matter, an eminence to which Grandfather jealously aspired. And Grandfather also suspected that Sharoom was cheating at bird watching, or at the very least making some dreadful mistakes. As he said to me: "If old man Sharoom comes in and says he saw a purple-breasted sapsucker everybody says, my, my isn't that wonderful, and they add it to his life list and nobody even stops to wonder what a purple-breasted sapsucker is doing in our sanctuary when the last one was sighted in central China in 1775. Nobody stops to think, could it be that old man Sharoom's trifocals are out of focus or could it be that old man Sharoom is a liar?"

A few weeks after this outburst the bulletin of the Vireo Club contained an odd little item:

> Emerson Sharoom of the Waparanic Chapter reports sighting April 15–16 a robin with conspicuous carmine patches on tail coverts, in the society sanctuary near the apple grove. Members are urged to report any similar sightings.

When I showed this to Grandfather he merely winked at me and said he would let me in on something if I would keep quiet about it. Three doors away, in the backyard of a "for sale" house that was slowly falling down, Grandfather showed me a humane bird trap, with a balanced stick and a door and a line of seed leading inside. "The bird eats along the row," Grandfather explained, "and then he steps inside the box and *whack!* The door comes

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down like a shot. It doesn't hurt the bird unless he backs in or unless he's a snake."

"Then what?" I asked.

"Then I improve on nature," Grandfather explained. In the basement of the old house he displayed a watercolor paint set and a couple of brushes. "No harm done," he said. "The first rain washes 'em off, and in the meantime the club members have a lot of excitement."

"Oh, Grandfather," I said, "you'll get us all in trouble."

During that summer members of the Vireo Club reported sighting an American redstart, a black-throated green warbler, a vermilion flycatcher and a hoary redpoll, all tributes to Grandfather's artistry with the brush. He outdid himself on a pair of domestic pigeons, painting the wings

"This bird was found near the high tension wires," Captain Sharoom screamed. "It is a common pigeon covered with paint."

and bodies green and the heads red and yellow. Captain Sharoom caught a glimpse of one in the club sanctuary and added it to his life list as a Carolina paroquet, an American parrot that had been reported "probably extinct" for several years. "Perhaps this signals a revival of this fascinating species," Captain Sharoom wrote in the club bulletin. "Certainly we are excited that the bird has been seen in our sanctuary!"

Grandfather rose on a point of order at the next meeting, produced some fuzzy color photographs of a painted pigeon and insisted that it was not a Carolina paroquet but a new species discovered by himself and tentatively named by him "the great racquet-tailed drongo, *Zenaidura rhoadesiensis*." The members gave Grandfather a spontaneous round of applause, several of them rushed to shake his hand and the chairman said that the club would be happy to offer the bird to higher authorities as a new species, provided Grandfather could produce one specimen. "I will do my best," Grandfather said modestly. "No man can do more." He sat down to a tumultuous roar of admiration.

But at the next meeting Grandfather had to report that the great racquet-tailed drongo apparently had become extinct before there was even time to classify it. As a special dispensation for Grandfather, the membership voted to allow him to keep the bird on his official life list, while the Carolina paroquet was stricken from Captain Sharoom's.

Only a few days after this apex of Grandfather's career as bird watcher and troublemaker, he received an urgent notice ("return receipt requested") that the Vireo Club would be meeting at the lodge in "extraordinary session." We all went along, Mother, Father, my sister Susan, my brother Charley and I, because we were certain Grandfather was going to receive a commendation, maybe even a subcommittee chairmanship, for his pioneering work with the great racquet-tailed drongo. Instead there was practically a court-martial. His hands aquiver, Captain Sharoom stood in front of the room holding a bedraggled specimen of "*Zenaidura rhoadesiensis*."

"This bird was found near the high-tension lines over to Madison," Captain Sharoom began. "It happens to be a common domestic pigeon covered with paint."

The members oohed, aahed and clucked. It was the Hall-Mills case and the Peaches Browning suit all over again. Mother and Father and the rest of our little delegation exchanged worried glances, but Grandfather was on his feet. "Point of order!" he shouted. "Point of order, Mr. Chairman!"

"Yes, Mr. Rhoades," the chairman intoned.

"It is not correct for Captain Sharoom to say 'over to Madison,'" Grandfather said. "The use of the preposition 'to' implies motion. It would be correct to say, 'He went over to Madison,' but not, 'The bird was found over to Madison.' I move that the secretary make the necessary correction in the minutes."

"*Who painted this bird?*" Captain Sharoom screeched.

Grandfather looked into a sea of angry, upturned faces and asked if the Vireo Club wouldn't take a little joke.

The Vireo Club, by a majority of 10 to 1, voted that it could not, and Grandfather was suspended indefinitely and his life list formally removed from the wall. We all slunk toward the door, except for Grandfather, who walked proudly erect, stopped dramatically at the exit and announced in measured, stentorian tones. "Half your life lists are fixed! Anybody that'd cheat at bird watching—"

"Come along, Father," Mother said.

"—would suck eggs!" Grandfather said.

Mother took his arm and hustled him out the door. There was an awful silence in the family Terraplane after we had climbed in and Father had started the engine and thrown the electric gearshift into low. We were moving slowly down the street when Father giggled. Mother followed, and pretty soon we were all roaring. "Just a minute!" said Grandfather, the one person who remained serious. "There's a very important principle at stake here." But he never was able to explain what it was. **END**

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VOLVO

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA BOSTON (42-22) with a 1-2 record for the week, watched its Eastern Division lead shrink from three games to a bolt game as second-place PHILADELPHIA (41-22) won four straight. In the 76ers' first victory of the week, a 149-123 win over the Pistons, Wilt Chamberlain tallied 41 points to break the NBA career scoring record with a seven-year total of 20,884 points—four points more than retired Hawk Bob Pettit registered in 11 years. CINCINNATI (39-25) split four games and surprising NEW YORK (25-37) won three of five to make it nine victories in the Knicks' last 12 games. In the Western Division LOS ANGELES (36-30) remained unchallenged in first place as it won one and lost two. BALTIMORE (31-35) five games behind, increased its second place lead to two games over the Warriors with two wins and a last-minute loss to the Hawks (126-123). SAN FRANCISCO (29-37) and last-place DETROIT (19-46) each lost three of four while ST. LOUIS (27-35) split two.

BOATING—VAMP X, a 39-foot sloop owned and skippered by Ted Turner of Atlanta, won the overall title in the St. Petersburg to-Fort Lauderdale yacht race with a corrected time of 61 26 45 over the 403-mile course.

BOWLING—DICK WEBER, 36, of St. Louis gained his third championship this year when he won the PBA's $40,000 Fresno Open title.

BOXING—World Middleweight Champion DICK TIGER of Nigeria knocked out West Germany's Peter Mueller with a left hook to the chin in 57 seconds of the third round of a scheduled 10-round bout in Dortmund, Germany.

Heavyweight HUSTER MATHIS of Grand Rapids, Mich., remained unbeaten when he scored a unanimous decision over Charlie Polite of Holyoke, Mass., in a six-rounder in White Plains, N.Y. Mathis weighed in at 257 pounds, the lowest he has ever scaled for a fight.

In another heavyweight bout Californian JERRY QUARRY won his fifteenth fight (nine KOs) by knocking out Prentice Snipes of Miami in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round fight in Los Angeles.

CURLING—ST. PAUL defeated Winchester, Mass., 7-2 to win the women's national championship in Schenectady, N.Y. *(page 23)*

DOG SHOWS—CH. ZELOY MOORLMAIDES MAGIC, a wire fox terrier better known as Biddy, took best-in-show at the 90th Westminster Kennel Club show in Madison Square Garden, restoring the title to his breed for the first time since 1946. *(page 56)*

FENCING—Poland's WITEK WOYDA, at 5 feet 7 (the smallest ranking fencer in the world), won the Martini & Rossi trophy when he took the foil title at the New York Athletic Club's international tournament. The épée championship went to GIANFRANCO PAOLUCCI of Italy, at 6 feet 6 (the tallest fencer in the tournament), while Hungary's ZOLTAN HORVATH took the sabre title.

GOLF—JOE CAMPBELL of Knoxville, Tenn., chimneyed on his cigar and dropped in a short birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Gene Littler to win the $60,000 Tucson Open.

HARNESS RACING—BILLY HAUGHTON, 42, the winningest harness racing driver in history, gained his 2,500th victory when he drove Six Thirteen ($6.20) to a 4¼-length win over favored Walk Away in a mile pace at Pompano Park (Fla.). Haughton, who began his racing career in 1942, has been national dash-winning champion six times, top money winner 10 times and has won 90 major stakes.

HOCKEY—NHL CHICAGO (29-17-7) held its two-point lead by winning two out of three as Bobby Hull recovered quickly from a knee injury to score two more goals. He ended the week with 47, just four shy of breaking the season record. MONTREAL (28-16-7) also won two of three, including a 5-2 victory over the Black Hawks on Dick Duff's hat trick. Slumping DETROIT (26-18-9) lost two of three and slipped to third, four points out. The Red Wings' nine victory, 4-1 over the Maple Leafs, was only the team's third in its past 13 games. TORONTO (23-20-7) won one and lost two, while BOSTON (15-31-6) leaped past the Rangers by winning two of three as NEW YORK (13-32-8) lost two of three. The Bruins' two victories were both over the Red Wings—5-4 on Pit Martin's second hat trick in three weeks and 5-1.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Ada L. Rice's PIA STAR ($9.20), with Johnny Sellers up, took the $134,800 Widener at Hialeah by a nose over Valley Farm's Selari in the closest finish of all 29 runnings of the 1¼-mile handicap.

Earlier in the week, in a nonbetting, seven-furlong race at Hialeah, Ogden Phipps's Derby prospect IMPRESSIVE equaled the track record of 1:21⅘ to upset stablemate Buckpasser, another Derby hopeful, by 4½ lengths.

GRAUSTARK, John Galbreath's undefeated Derby prospect, was withdrawn from the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah when he suffered a bruised left hind hoof during a workout.

"Never in the history of Thoroughbred sales have so few bid so much," said President of Fasig-Tipton Sales Company Humphrey S. Finney, as 72 Thoroughbreds brought a record-breaking $2,868,600 (an average of $39,841) at Timonium, Md. Fifty-one horses from the racing and breeding stable of the late William duPont Jr. (including 18 Thoroughbreds which went to Mr. duPont's immediate family for $1,405,000) were sold for $2,401,300. Heading the list of duPont purchasers was son John, who spent $767,000 to enter racing and astonished the racing world by paying a startling $235,000 for the 9-year-old broodmare Berlo and $215,000 for Rose Tradel, a 4-year-old filly.

SPEED SKATING—TOM GRAY of Minneapolis won the 500-meter in 40.9 seconds, a stadium record, at the world championship in Goteborg, Sweden. CEES VERKERK, a 21-year-old café manager from Puttershoek, Holland, took the overall title however, when he won the other three events—the 5,000, 1,500 and 10,000 meters.

TENNIS—CHARLES PASARELL, 22, of Puerto Rico, defeated Dallas Ron Holmberg 12-10, 10-8, 8-6 to win the national indoor championships in Salisbury, Md. *(page 50)*

At the women's indoor championships in Chestnut Hill, Mass., MRS. BILLIE JEAN MOFFITT KING swept three titles—the singles by defeating Mary Ann Eisel 6-0, 6-2, plus the doubles and the mixed doubles.

TRACK & FIELD—Kansas JIM RYUN beat Jim Grelle by a yard (4:02.2) in the Baxter Mile at the New York Athletic Club meet in Madison Square Garden. BILL CROTHERS of Toronto won the half-mile in 1:50, missing the world record by 2/10 second, and the University of Tennessee's RICHMOND FLOWERS JR. took the 60-yard high hurdles (7.1) by five feet. SAM PERRY of Fordham won the 60-yard dash in 6.1, while CHARLIE MAYS of the Grand Street Boys Club finished first in the 500-yard dash and FRANK TOMEO of the Quantico Marines took the 1,000-yard. The Soviet Union's TATIANA SCHELKANOVA extended the women's world broad-jump record (set in 1965 by Britain's Mary Rand) by 7½ inches with a leap of 21 feet 5½ inches, and her countryman IGOR TER-OVANESYAN took the men's broad jump at 26 feet 4 inches. FRANK COSTELLO of Maryland leaped 7 feet 2 inches to win the high jump, while JOHN PENNEL of Glendale, Calif., broke the steel pole vault record when he vaulted 16 feet 6 inches.

MILEPOSTS—APPOINTED: BRIAN F. O'NEILL, 37, business manager of *Financial Times of Canada*, a weekly business magazine, as administration manager of the NHL. "He will, in effect," said President Clarence Campbell, "be my understudy."

FOUND: Britain's famous racing greyhound III JOE, after his disappearance more than a year ago. *(page 24)*

SIGNED: Former head football coach at Navy (a 38-20-2 record in six years) WAYNE HARDIN, 38, to a two-year contract as general manager and head coach by the Continental Football League's Philadelphia Bulldogs.

RETIRED: Penn State's Head Football Coach CHARLES A. (Rip) ENGLE, 59, "before the game loses all of its fun for me." Engle never had a losing season in 16 years (104-48-4) at Penn State, where his teams gained the Lambert Trophy as the best in the East in 1961, 1962 and 1964 and won three of the four bowl games they played. Named as successor when Engle's retirement goes into effect July 1 was JOE PATERNO, Engle's backfield coach for all 16 years.

DIED: JACK COFFEY, 78, former Fordham graduate manager of athletics and baseball coach for more than 30 years, in New York.

CREDITS

22, 23—Bob Peterson. **24**—Associated Newspapers Pictorial. **25**—D. J. Gosling. **32**—UPI. Herb Schaffman (2); Fred Kaplan. **33**—Herb Schaffman (2); Phil Bath; UPI. **43, 46**—David Lees. **49**—Norman Kempler from UPI; Olympia Hal Swiggett; San Antonio Express. **50, 51**—Hans Knopf, Pix. **53**—Lee Balterman. **70**—Norfolk Ledger-Star; Fred Knight, Minneapolis Star. **73**—Ron Bennett, Oregon Journal.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CURTIS PERSON, 55, a Memphis automobile dealer and amateur golfer for 40 years, won his 10th senior title in 13 tries since last September when he took the Life Begins at 40 Tournament in Harlingen, Texas, 1 up over Henry Richards, a Jacksboro, Texas, rancher.

JIM JACKSON, 17, of Brooklyn, who holds the national scholastic 600-yard indoor flat-floor record, ran the 1,000-yard in 2:14 at New York's Eastern States meet to break his own month-old flat-floor mark by 1.6 seconds and tie the all-floors record.

BILL MARTIN, the wrestling coach of Granby High School in Norfolk, Va., recorded his 200th victory in 19 years when his team defeated Oscar Smith High School 41-5. Martin's teams have had only nine defeats and four ties and have won 17 state titles.

WAYNE PROFFITT, a 25-year-old college junior and father of three, tallied 68 points and set a State of Virginia college basketball scoring record while leading his Lynchburg team to a 126-87 victory over University of North Carolina, Charlotte branch.

BILL FLAGG, a high school senior from Richardson, Texas, drove his 16-foot Sterncraft outboard with twin 110-hp Mercury engines, through rough water to victory in the Class 3 division of the 100-mile 1966 Channel Derby on Galveston Bay near Houston.

DOUG VOLMAR, a 6-foot-1, 190-pound Michigan State wingman who began skating on municipal hockey teams in Cleveland during high school, leads the Western Collegiate Hockey Association in total points with 36 on 18 goals and 18 assists, including five hat tricks.

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Max Surkont Went Home Again

After 26 years of playing baseball a journeyman pitcher returned to Pawtucket. He had never really left

by JOHN HANLON

It is a barroom, plain and simple. You would have to go down a side street, in a working-class neighborhood of Irish, Poles and French-Canadians in Pawtucket, R.I. to find it. Then you probably wouldn't be attracted to it unless you had a powerful thirst or you were a devout baseball fan and noticed the bats and the ball on the sign above the door—and the name, Max Surkont's. But if you did go in you would enjoy it, for Max keeps a place that is as unpretentious as a dugout but as warm and clubby as a locker room.

You must remember Max. He was that big Polish kid, a pitcher, who was signed by the St. Louis Cardinals in 1937. He was 15 years old, and when the Cards' scout took him out for a post-signing dinner at a hotel in Providence, Max didn't recognize anything on the menu so he ordered a 95¢ hamburger plate.

Max roamed through the game for 26 years, seven of them in bits and pieces in the majors with six different teams, the rest with 10 teams in the minors. As a classic journeyman, Max had a few large days and so many small ones. There was the time in 1953 with Milwaukee when Max threw eight successive strikeouts at the Cincinnati Reds, a modern record that still stands, though Johnny Podres and Jim Maloney have since tied it. Then there was the day in Jersey City, 1941, when Max was with Rochester and his teammate, Whitey Kurowski, hit the game's first pitch for a homer and Max made it hold up for a 1-0 victory by throwing a no-hitter. But Max turned into his 40s and, after his 1963 season with Buffalo, he retired and went back home.

There are too few of these good pub-like bars run by ex-athletes who work at it—and too many named for athletes who give little more than their names. Max likes the business and works at it. His place is on the ground floor of a three-story tenement-type building, owned by Max, with four apartments above the bar.

Inside, as with any good barroom, it is a reflection of the owner and what he has done. In Max's case that would mean unglamorous but comfortable, uncomplicated but pleasant. It is as far removed from the sparkle and tone and size of big-league watering spots such as Stan Musial and Biggie's in St. Louis, say, as were Max's baseball accomplishments compared to those of his friend and former teammate, Musial.

Behind the bar at Max's is a bat that Musial gave him; it has been split and now is affixed, V-shaped, over the cash register, in the prime spot among Max's display of memorabilia. There is the baseball from the no-hitter at Jersey City, and a few other baseballs from events and places long forgotten. There is a lighted board that lists the standings of the eight-team cribbage league Max fosters, he also sponsors a bowling team and a softball team, playing first base on the latter. There is a picture of John Kennedy on the wall and a blue New York football Giants' pennant, from the time Max and a bunch of the guys chartered a bus and went down to see the pros.

There is a jukebox, usually silent, and a cigarette machine, and the grill and the refrigerator behind the bar and that's it. But that is all that is really needed. For the men who come into Max's do not come in for the decor. Some come to have a beer and a hand of cribbage or a game of pool. Some have a beer and read a paper or watch television. Others want to talk with Max and just have a place to be.

Few are strangers. "I guess I know about everyone who comes in here," Max was saying not long ago, "all guys I grew up with, played with around here. I never get any drunks. I shuffled them out fast when I took over." At his current weight of 240 pounds on his 6-foot frame, one cannot doubt that the shuffle Max gave was fast.

"Sometimes a guy will bring his kid in to meet me and talk baseball with me," Max went on, "but you know it's funny—the sport they talk about mostly now is pro football. Not so much baseball, especially not much about the Red Sox. I think everyone is disgusted with the way that operation is working up there. Women we hardly ever get, and that's all right with me. In a place like this they're nothing but trouble, anyway. Besides, when there are women around guys don't drink as much."

The big times are Saturdays and Sundays, particularly when the football games are on television. Then there'll be 75 to a hundred patrons bellied up to the bar, and an argument or a friendly wager is easily available. At any time, from the 7 a.m. opening (6 a.m. on Saturdays) until closing at one in the morning, there is always at least a handful of customers. Max can name practically everyone, and provide background notes as well.

"The young guy," Max was telling a visitor recently, at a seat across the room from the bar, "he's a sailor; I call him The Admiral. He's off the *Wasp*—that's the one that picks up the astronauts, you know. Next to him, in the black jacket, is a Purple Heart man from the Marines. We grew up together. He was in the Pacific like I was. I was in the Navy three years—LSTs. And I kid him about it, about what a soft time he had."

Two men were shooting pool, one wearing a work uniform of forest green, the other in street clothes. "The guy in green is The Hawk, a Frenchman," Max said. "We played basketball together on the Consolation Church team for years. The other guy is Charley. He was badly wounded in Korea. They thought he was gone and they threw him on a truck with a lot of dead guys; then they heard a moan and finally pulled him off. He's on full disability; he does little jobs for me here and I couldn't get along without him. The old guy at the end of the bar, I grew up three doors from him. The other guy, the one with the white hair, he's an old friend of my father's. And the next guy down, he's a baker and the third baseman on our softball team."

So Max went on down the line, picking out the construction worker, the painter, the mill hand and giving the antecedents and accomplishments of each. A man

continued

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came in carrying a resupply of pickled eggs, pigs' knuckles and lamb tongues, and Max excused himself to go pay for the delivery.

"I went to school with his sister," Max said of the man. "Knew *him* all my life, too."

When Max first took over he did a good business with nightly food specialties; *i.e.*, fish and chips or steamed clams on Fridays. Then he felt it was not worth the trouble and he dropped it. Now he is considering reinstalling the system and, if he can acquire the land next door, expanding the place and getting into the full-meal business as well. But until that time, he is offering only a selection of sandwiches.

Except Saturdays. Saturday is the day he features *golabki*, a Polish treat consisting of a mixture of rice, hamburger and pork rolled in cabbage leaves. Max's *golabki* are not everyday *golabki*. His are made by his 72-year-old mother.

"She makes about 200 of them every week," Max said pridefully, "and she takes two days doing it. I sell them for 20¢, and you ought to see the way they gobble them up around here!"

So with all his friends around, and his *golabki*, and his taking a regular turn behind the bar along with being on the premises at other times, Max feels that he couldn't wish for more.

"I haven't missed baseball at all, I'm so busy," he said. "Another thing about this business—*you* always have some money in your pocket, not like it is when you're scratching around making a salary by the week. I really think there is more security here than there is in baseball—if a guy is a fringe player, I mean."

He glanced about his premises, and what he saw brought a small smile of satisfaction. "Not bad," he said. "Not bad at all."

It was suggested to Max that possibly there was a pleasant story in his place and his doings, but this would involve a risk.

"A risk? What risk?" he asked.

"Well, your place might get popular and 'in,' " he was told, "and if that happened, maybe the neighborhood guys would stop coming."

"They wouldn't do that," Max said quickly. "They like to be where there's action. Anyway," he had to chuckle before he said it, "anyway, this place would never get 'in.' "

One can hope he is right. END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

A few conference races were all over; in others, this week's games would be decisive. But the independents, hoping for tournament bids, could not relax. Among those who seemed sure bets: Texas Western, Houston, Loyola of Chicago, Providence, Dayton and Oklahoma City

THE MIDWEST 1. KANSAS (19-3) 2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (20-2) 3. MICHIGAN (14-5)

St. Louis, Bradley and Tulsa, until last week true-blue contenders in the Missouri Valley, all got beat on the road. CINCINNATI, however, was at home and the league-leading Bearcats made the most of it. While St. Louis lost to DRAKE 75–59, Bradley to WICHITA STATE 98–79, and Tulsa to LOUISVILLE 64–50, Cincy, a good-shooting, tough-defense team, toyed with North Texas State 88–63 and Tulsa 88–75. That gave the 'Cats a two-game edge over Wichita State with three to go.

If they ever decide to erect a statue commemorating lanky Dave Schellhase's contribution to Purdue basketball, it undoubtedly will depict him streaking downcourt in short pants, right arm flung high in the air in a "gimme the ball" gesture. He could have posed for it last Saturday when he shot himself arm-weary to score 57 points against first-place MICHIGAN, for a Big Ten record. But the Wolves had more runners and gunners, and they drubbed Purdue 128–94. Michigan's challengers, meanwhile, were fading. Michigan State, upset by WISCONSIN 78–77, fell two games behind and into a second-place tie with ILLINOIS, a 100–89 winner over Minnesota.

Two other races were nearing a climax. NEBRASKA, which shelled Missouri 71–53, meets KANSAS, a half-game behind after taking Missouri 98–54 and Oklahoma State 80–47, in a Big Eight return match Saturday at Lawrence. Miami of Ohio, beaten 75–60 by independent DAYTON but 10–1 in the Mid-American, plays TOLEDO, 8–1, at Toledo.

There was no doubt now about who was the class of the Midwest independents. LOYOLA of Chicago, quick, slick-shooting and surprisingly strong on defense, snapped Dayton's 20-game home winning streak 77–72. The Ramblers also got around to avenging one of their defeats, whomping Wichita State 94–77. Two visiting eastern powers, Providence and St. John's, came away with mixed success. PROVIDENCE's Jimmy Walker dazzled DePaul with his superb ballhandling and shooting (for 31 points) and the Blue Demons succumbed 61–57. But St. John's was upset by CREIGHTON's swift runners and tough pressers 86–67. Then the Redmen rolled over Notre Dame 77–59.

THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (21-0) 2. DUKE (19-2) 3. VANDERBILT (19-3)

The boys from KENTUCKY were on the road but still taking turns as the top box-score stars and, more importantly, still winning. Tommy Kron had his best night (23 points) in a 90–67 win at Alabama. Then young but tough Mississippi State fell 73–69 at Starkville as Pat Riley scored 21 points. The Wildcats are four games away from a perfect regular season. VANDERBILT, all dressed up in a glamorous national ranking but with no place to go, dumped Auburn 91–76 and squeezed by Florida 89–86. Talented TENNESSEE, waiting for its two games with Kentucky, whipped LSU 74–64 and Georgia 83–69.

DUKE had the ACC in its pocket, but only after some disciplinary action shook the Blue Devils back into form. Star Bob Verga's benching was extended an extra game when he mouthed off to Coach Vic Bubas, but the Devils outlasted a South Carolina slowdown 41–38. Back for the Maryland game, Verga scored 19 points in the stretch, 27 in all, as the Blue Devils came from 15 points down early in the second half to win 74–69. Jockeying for positions in the ACC tournament are NORTH CAROLINA and NORTH CAROLINA STATE. The Wolfpack, its "junto" defense forcing 34 turnovers, beat the Tar Heels 87–77 and South Carolina 68–63, but was upset by CLEMSON 76–74 in overtime. North Carolina, tied with State and Clemson for second, defeated the Tigers 70–66 and South Carolina 83–71.

DAVIDSON and WEST VIRGINIA were waiting for the Southern Conference tourney and a possible rubber match. The Wildcats bowed to St. Joseph's 83–79 and beat The Citadel 77–64. West Virginia skipped past Pitt 103–63, then defeated Syracuse in overtime 99–95.

WESTERN KENTUCKY was home free in the Ohio Valley after bouncing Tennessee Tech 85–72 and Morehead 78–53. VIRGINIA TECH won its last three games, finished 19-4 and waited eagerly for a tournament bid.

THE WEST 1. SAN FRANCISCO (18-3) 2. UTAH (18-9) 3. OREGON STATE (19-8)

The way things are going in the Western AC, someone—probably Utah—is likely to back into the championship and consider itself mighty lucky to be there. ARIZONA

continued

A CHAMP'S TOUGH WEEK

Back in early January UCLA smothered Oregon State 79–35 in Los Angeles. But when the two teams met again in Corvallis last Friday night Oregon State had won eight straight AAWU games. The Bruins, hurt by injuries—Edgar Lacey was out with a hairline fracture of the knee—had lost first place to the eager Beavers. Coach Paul Valenti figured he had to keep UCLA from shooting into an early lead, so his team set out to control the ball and play tight defense. Attacking patiently, Oregon State easily broke UCLA's zone press, yielding only one turnover in the first half. Sophomore Loy Peterson (*right*) shot in 19 points, Charlie White got 17 and the Beavers won 64–51. The next night Southern California's John Block tore apart Oregon State's proud defense for 30 points and Southern Cal beat the Beavers 70–60. But UCLA lost again, too, to Oregon 79–72. "I'd say that eliminated us from the race," said Johnny Wooden sadly. But, he insisted, "at full strength, we're easily the best team in the conference, and I think we would have had a good go at defending our national title." It is hardly likely UCLA, with four league losses, will get the chance.

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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competitive Ball
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PHOENIX OPEN	60	33
TUCSON OPEN	72	27
TOTAL	629	309

slowed down first-place Utah and outlasted the Redskins 71–68. ARIZONA STATE, electing to trade shots with Brigham Young's freewheelers, shocked the Cougars 101–94 as Freddy Lewis outgunned Dick Nemelka, 31 points to 20. UTAH recovered Saturday to beat Arizona State 92–76, but Brigham Young was upset again, by Arizona 76–62, thanks to a masterful move by the parents of 6-foot-4 Forward Harvey Fox. Chagrined by Harvey's 2-for-12 shooting against Utah the night before, they fed him a bowl of carrots for breakfast "to help your shooting eye." Well, something did. On Saturday Fox popped in 11 for 16 and scored 25 points for the Wildcats.

New Mexico, the preseason favorite, was tumbled, too, all the way into the WAC cellar, by WYOMING 104–85.

SAN FRANCISCO and PACIFIC, tied for first in the West Coast AC, headed for a showdown this Saturday at San Francisco. The Dons breezed past Santa Barbara 97–64, but San Jose State had them 74–69 with 1:27 to go. Then Joe Ellis scored, passed off to Russ Gumina for a layup and scored again to win for the Dons 75–74. Pacific, meanwhile, trounced Pepperdine 102–76, and Loyola of Los Angeles 83–63.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (20-0) 2. HOUSTON (18-4) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (21-4)

They are coming harder for TEXAS WESTERN, but the thing is that they are still coming. The unbeaten Miners missed two free throws in the final seconds but protected a 69–67 decision over Arizona State. They then nudged Pan American 65–61 for their 20th straight. Strong HOUSTON kept pace with a 111–96 win over Miami of Florida, but Oklahoma City was stopped after 10 straight. The Chiefs lost to DENVER 84–83 when Rick Callahan converted a foul shot after a technical foul call on Oklahoma City Coach Abe Lemons.

The SWC race was tighter after Referee Dan Watson mistakenly called Baylor's Darrell Hardy for "deliberately" missing a free throw with four seconds left in the game with SMU. Hardy took the rebound and had an open shot. But Watson's call, based on an outdated rule, gave SMU ball possession and the game, 68–66. The Mustangs also beat Arkansas 67–66 and were only a game out of the lead, but Baylor was so disheartened that it let ATCE break a 28-game losing string 89–70. TEXAS TECH upset Texas A&M 98–95 on Dub Malaise's 40 points, but the Aggies hung on to first place by defeating TCU 96–91. In a 117–86 win over Texas, Malaise scored 50 points, tying Jim Krebs' league record.

THE EAST 1. ST. JOSEPH'S (19-4) 2. PROVIDENCE (19-3) 3. SYRACUSE (17-4)

Like all good things, even home-court streaks come to an end. Providence had 39 straight when RHODE ISLAND, the Yankee Conference leader, came to town and only shocked looks when Rhody departed. Coach Ernie Calverly gave his players a choice—to play Providence man-to-man or with a zone defense. They picked the zone, and Calverly put them into a 1-2-2. The Friars' good shooters, except for Jimmy Walker, who had 23 points, went cold, their ball-handling was spotty, and Rhode Island's 6-foot-4 Art Stephenson took control of the boards. Stephenson also got 29 points, Henry Carey put in 22 more, and Providence went down 84–61. But the Friars bounced back to smash Seton Hall 77–57.

ST. JOSEPH'S had a time with Creighton in the Palestra. The Hawks were in a 79–79 tie with six minutes to go, and even loyal St. Joe's rooters were worried. Then Chuck McKenna put in two free throws, Tom Duff —who had 28 points and 19 rebounds— jammed in a missed shot, and soon it was all over for the Bluejays. The Hawks won 96–90. TEMPLE, however, which had beaten Fordham 91–74 earlier in the week, was upset by LA SALLE 86–85.

With tournament selection time upon them, the East's other good independents were pushing hard for recognition. ST. JOHN'S survived a real scare to beat Fordham 74–72 in overtime. SYRACUSE, with shinky Dave Bing pouring in a total of 66 points for a school record (61), whipped Colgate 125–105 and Pitt 83–73. BOSTON COLLEGE defeated Boston U. 73–62 and Navy 94–78. PENN STATE, unbeatable in its remote outpost, buried West Virginia 108–81. The Lions also took Colgate 90–70 for their 26th in a row at home.

NYU, aching to get into New York's NIT, boosted its record to 12-8 by trimming Notre Dame 102–78 and St. Francis 100–75. MANHATTAN (12-6) enhanced its chances, too, when it edged Georgetown 83–80. So did FAIRFIELD (16-4). The Stags, despite a harrowing week (their co-captain, Pat Burke, was found dead after falling down an embankment), beat St. Bonaventure 65–55. ARMY (15-6) and RUTGERS (14-6) were still in the running, and even VILLANOVA, coming on fast lately, had high hopes. The Wildcats polished off St. Bonaventure 93–81 as Bill Melchionni scored 44 points, and then thrashed Canisius 76–62.

The Ivy League action was in Philadelphia and Princeton and, when the dust settled, PENN had the lead, Columbia was second, and the defending champion Tigers were all but out of it. Penn, using its own big men, 6-foot-10 Tom Mallison, 6-foot-9 Frank Burgess and 6-foot-8 John Hellings, against Columbia's 7-foot Dave Newmark, beat the Lions 67–58 and then bombed Cornell 84–66. Princeton lost to CORNELL 86–77 and COLUMBIA 62–59 for the first time in 10 years at home. But the race was not over yet. They all play each other again this weekend. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MOUNT UP

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI for the wonderfully written article on Rick Mount of Lebanon, Ind. (*Bright Star in Indiana*, Feb. 14) It goes to prove once more that Indiana produces the best players in the nation. Just consider. The NBA could start a complete team with nothing but Indianans: Clyde Lovellette at center, Terry Dischinger and Ron Bonham at forward, Oscar Robertson and Dick Barnett at guard. Throw in the Van Arsdale twins, Bobby Leonard and others as reserves, and they could challenge any NBA club.

Among the colleges, the only two unbeaten major teams in the U.S., Kentucky and Texas Western, both start Indiana boys. Indiana has produced its share of outstanding coaches, too. When one mentions John Wooden of UCLA, Branch McCracken of IU and Tony Hinkle of Butler that's a mouthful of success. And Indiana's Everett Case, who recently retired as coach at North Carolina State, may be the best ever to have coached in and out of Indiana. In 23 years of coaching Indiana high school teams Case compiled a remarkable 726–75 record with four state championships, while in his 18 years at North Carolina State he registered 379 wins against only 134 losses.

Even in Europe the effect of Indiana basketball talent has been felt. In the recent tourney at the University of Innsbruck in Austria, two men from Jasper, Ind., Carl Roos and yours truly, helped the American team win the whole thing with a perfect record.

KENNETH VOGLER

Innsbruck, Austria

Sirs:

Rick Mount rates the cover, but Calvin Murphy of Norwalk, Conn., is only a FACE IN THE CROWD? Why not a cover for him as well? A 5-foot-10-inch, 160-pound Norwalk High senior, he is the possessor of the modern state high school basketball scoring record of 62 points. Already he has a career total of 1,990 points and, in leading Norwalk to an 18–1 record so far this season, he has scored 767 points for a 40.4 average. He got 460 points as a soph and hit for 763 points in his junior year, when he led his team to a 21–3 record and into the semifinals of the state tourney.

JOEL PARRISH

Corona, N.Y.

Sirs:

We believe that our Doug Jackson is more deserving of the lavish praise that SI heaped upon Rick Mount. Besides being a member of the National Honor Society, Doug is now only 28 points away from breaking the Sunflower League scoring record (set by Lucius Allen, Lew Alcindor's little buddy at UCLA). If he maintains his present 27-points-per-game average, tops in the state of Kansas, he will certainly succeed.

BILL LEEDER
LEE MCCLENAGHAN

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

Brooklyn, the best basketball area in the country, deserves just as much acclaim as Lebanon, Ind. Brooklyn's PSAL Division I, better known as the Suicide Division, perennially produces the New York City championship team and at least one or two All-City athletes. Just a few former Division I stars whose names might ring a bell are Lenny Wilkens, Bill Cunningham, Connie Hawkins, Sihugo Green, Eldridge Webb, Sam Penceal and Frank Standard.

Furthermore, your hero must be superhuman if he is that much better than the likes of Coak Cannon, Jim MacMillan, Ollie Shannon or Hector Blondett. These current Suicide sharpshooters will be heard from in the future.

DAVID FRIED

Brooklyn

WHOLE CLOTH

Sirs:

Hugh Whall's article on Sol Lamport (*A Sail Means Only a Sale to Sol*, Jan. 24) is clever and entertaining, but it presents only half a picture of Sol Lamport's personality. Sure Sol is out to make a buck, whether it be in making fine sailcloth or anything else, but he is also a very warm, considerate and generous human being. He donated numerous trophies for junior competition, trophies that never bore the name Lamport on them. He also donated 10 Finn-class sails to the U.S. International Sailing Association. The sailing world never knew about this, and Sol did not care to have them know it. He donated them simply to further competition by young sailors in this important Olympic class.

I also know from talking to him that Sol likes the life in Woodstock, Conn., likes the people he has met and already feels a part of the community.

For all its cleverness, the article missed one real point: Sol Lamport has a heart as big as all outdoors.

BOB BAVLER

New York City

PLUS AND MINUS

Sirs:

There is a fallacy in your editorial about racetrack minus pools (SCORECARD, Feb. 14) that is a common one, universally and firmly implanted in the minds of legislators, racing commissioners and the public in general. To attempt to controvert it is probably an exercise in futility, yet the subject is very important to racetrack management, particularly here in New York. Last year our legislature took another slice out of the bettor's dollar by doubling the breakage from 5¢ to 10¢. The racing commission followed up this increase in the state's share of the breakage with a telegraphed order to the various tracks establishing a legal minimum payment to successful bettors of 10¢ on the dollar.

Actually the phrase "legal minimum" is a misnomer, because no law requires such payment. It is, in fact, a complete perversion of the fundamental principle of pari-mutuel betting, because it compels the racetrack to gamble with its patrons. The practice of paying minus pools under any circumstance was not always a part of the pari-mutuel system. Originally, if there was nothing bet on other horses, a winner merely got his money back.

On a 5¢ minimum the problem was never so serious because the smart bettors of large sums would not take big risks for 5%, but today our stakes programs in both Thoroughbred and harness racing are being jeopardized because tracks cannot afford to race standout horses. What difference would it have made last year if Bret Hanover was in a field of three or five or seven or 17? Ten percent would have been very attractive.

And let me suggest another dreadful possibility. Assume the Florida Racing Commission had compelled Hialeah to permit show betting on Roman Brother. And assume a tremendous show bet on him by the smart ten-percenters. And assume he ran out of the money—as he did. Now, of course, no bettor at Hialeah would be so unfair as to suggest that management would have anything to do with the result of a race to save itself, say, $100,000. But there may be bettors at some racetracks who would, perhaps, timidly make such a suggestion. Or, perhaps, even try to burn down the grandstand.

The simple fact is that making racetracks gamble with their patrons is an evil thing. We should return to true pari-mutuel racing or as close to it as practicable, i.e., the 5¢ break.

ERNEST B. MORRIS
President, Saratoga Raceway

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

GOVERNMENT AID

Sirs:

Your article, *Year of Drought in the West* (Feb. 7), states that the decline of the Thor-

continued

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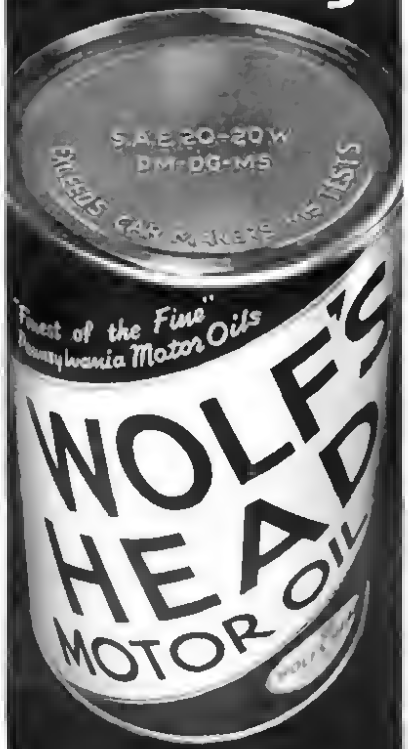

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oughbred-breeding industry in California is due to the state's having only 110 days of top-quality racing. Just how many days of top-quality racing, would you say, are run in Kentucky, the acknowledged leader of the industry?

If, as you say, California's two limited seasons, separated by a break of two months in the spring and five months in the fall and winter, deprive horsemen of the incentive to plow money back into local breeding programs, maybe the southern California racing patrons would benefit by the competition of a third track (at Los Alamitos, for example). Or would this suggestion be in direct conflict with the views of the groups paying for the Stanford Research Institute report?

If legislative help is needed to solve horse racing problems (*i.e.*, increased tax revenues), how did you overlook the following?

1) Legalized bookmaking (a cinch to bring in more revenue than the "remedies" mentioned in your article).

2) Government loans to horseplayers (this would boost the track handle along with the welfare and unemployment payments already finding their way to the track).

With the proposed increase in racing days, harness racing at night and Sunday racing, the average horseplayer is going to have only a limited time available in which to come up with scratch for the track.

K. B. WEESHOFF

Sacramento

YAKESQUE

Sirs:

Joe Jares's description of the Texas Western College buildings (*Defense Is a Coyote Caller*, Feb. 7) says that they are southwestern in style and that some resemble the Alamo. This is not a correct description.

TWC buildings (all of them) are authentic Tibetan, and have been described as the only true examples of this type of architecture in the U.S. This style was used to blend the buildings into their mountain campus setting. The combination of mountains, extremely attractive buildings, grass and trees makes the school area one of the most looked-at tourist attractions in Texas. The Sun Bowl football stadium, located between two mountains on the campus, also has some Tibetan characteristics.

All new buildings, including a $3 million science building now under construction, follow the same design. There is no hodgepodge of contrasting building styles as exists on the main University of Texas campus in Austin.

The only building that nobody likes anymore is the 5,000-seat field house (Tibetan). It is about 6,000 seats too small.

HAROLD C. ROBERTSON

El Paso

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
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